THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

AUGUST 8, 1903 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD

Americans of To-Day and To-Morrow—By Albert J. Beveridge

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Waverley

Model 21 ; Price, $850 ; With Top, $900.

Electric Vehicles

No complications. Turn on power and steer. Electric brake. Drop postal for catalogue. Many more models and prices.

POPE MOTOR CAR CO.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Agencies in all principal cities

IF QUALITY COUNTS IT'S

Huyler's

"THE COCOA OF QUALITY."

YOU WANT

YOUR GROCER HAS IT.

---

6 Points of Superiority

We prove all we claim

FARRAND ORGAN COMPANY DEPT. R
DETROIT, MICH.

The most artistic and durable color effects on shingles are produced with Shingletint, which is a scientific combination of linseed oil, coloring matter, creosote, and the necessary drying agents.

Among the many shingle stains offered, Shingletint is conspicuous not only for its superiority, but because it can be called for by its distinctive name, thus offering the consumer protection against inferior goods offered for the same purpose.

When buying Shingle Stains it will be worth while to ignore the "just as good" argument and insist upon Shingletint.

Stained woods and descriptive literature sent free upon request.

Berry Brothers, Limited

VARNISH MANUFACTURERS

New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco

Factory and Main Office, DETROIT

COLT Acetylene Gas

CARBIDE-FEED GENERATOR

CHEAPEST AND BEST

Complete Gas Plants from $48 to $5,000

More brilliant than gas or electricity. Costs less than kerosene. Suited for any building anywhere.

Write for booklet G.

J. B. COLT CO.
21 Barclay St., New York

The largest makers of Acetylene Apparatus and Stereopticons.

Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles

The Ideal Way

to pass the summer is in a tent in Colorado.

The ideal way to get there is via the Rock Island.

Splendid service from Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City, Memphis, Fort Worth and hundreds of other towns and cities in the Central West.

Send 6 cents in stamps for "Under the Turquoise Sky,"—contains just the information you need.

JOHN SEBASTIAN,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Rock Island System

$30

Round trip daily from Chicago to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo. Correspondingly low rates from other points. Only one night en route. Two trains per day. Pullman tourist sleeping cars daily, only $2.50 double berth Chicago to Denver.

The Best of Everything

Colorado

is the ideal place for a SUMMER VACATION, perfectly suited for rest, recreation or sport, abounding in good hotels and boarding places adapted to any man's means.

All agents sell tickets via the

Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line

Illustrated booklets on application to
W. B. KNISKERN, CHICAGO, ILL.
or E. L. LOMAX, OMAHA, NEB.

C331

Learn Shorthand

DEAR READER:—Shorthand is a time-saver and a money-maker. Stenographers get more at the start and have better opportunities than average employees. If you will read our 86-page catalogue I believe you will enroll with us at once. We have a Short Course for busy people, a Complete Course for those who wish to use shorthand as a wage-earner, and a Special Advanced Course. Highly endorsed by leading shorthand experts. Instruction based on experience in professional shorthand work. For more than two years we did a large amount of shorthand reporting for the Law Department of the City of New York. Successful pupils in our own city and in every part of the country from Maine to California. Catalogue and Free Lesson for four cents to cover postage.

Cordially yours, PATRICK J. SWEENEY, Principal,
Manhattan Reporting Co., Dept. 2, 150 Nassau St., New York

AUGUST DIAMONDS

During August we offer a **Special lot** of **Extra Quality** diamonds, which were finished by the cutters before the recent advance. Each one is a **perfect gem**, pure white color, absolutely flawless, very brilliant and finely cut. A **grade above** the commonly called **first quality**, and **finer** than the **best** that's quoted in any catalogue.

Your Choice of These Rings $53.00

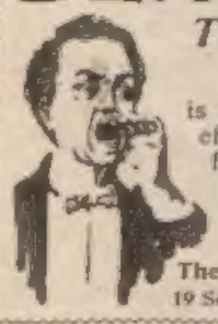
(or any other style of mounting) will be sent **express prepaid** for your examination. Price **$53.00**. If it is exactly what you want pay **$10.60** and keep the ring, agreeing to pay $5.30 a month for eight months, or pay **$45.75** all cash. If you don't want it return at our expense.

NOTE—We allow full price for any diamond ever bought of us, when buying a larger one.

HOW TO BUY A DIAMOND Our book on diamond and watch buying contains information on this subject, which you will want to have whether you are going to buy now or anytime in the future. It is the best book on the subject. Ask for it today.

GEO. E. MARSHALL, (Incorporated)
101 State Street, Chicago, Ills.
Reference—First National Bank, Chicago.

DEAFNESS



The Morley Ear-Drum

is the most recent and most effective *invisible* device for the relief of deafness. It is easily adjusted, comfortable and safe. Send for descriptive booklet.

The Morley Company, Dept. T
19 South 16th Street, Philadelphia

STAMMER

Our 200-page book "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering" sent Free to any address. Enclose 6 cents to pay postage.
LEWIS STAMMERING SCHOOL, 110 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

WINTON

An examination of the 20 horsepower Winton Touring Car gives a ready understanding why it is regarded as the highest type of safety in automobile construction. There are no fires to light—no gasoline under pressure—no naked flame to flare and ignite car, robes or clothing.

You can see the Winton at any of our branches or agencies in all leading cities. The price of the car complete with brass side lamps, horn, tools, etc., is $2500.00.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE COMPANY
Berea Road, Cleveland, U. S. A.

BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms. Lyon & Healy "Own-Make" Instruments are preferred by Thomas Orchestra, Banda Rossa, Mascagni, etc. Lowest prices. Big Catalog; 1000 illustrations; *mailed free*; it gives instructions for amateur bands.

LYON & HEALY, 10 Adams St., Chicago

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

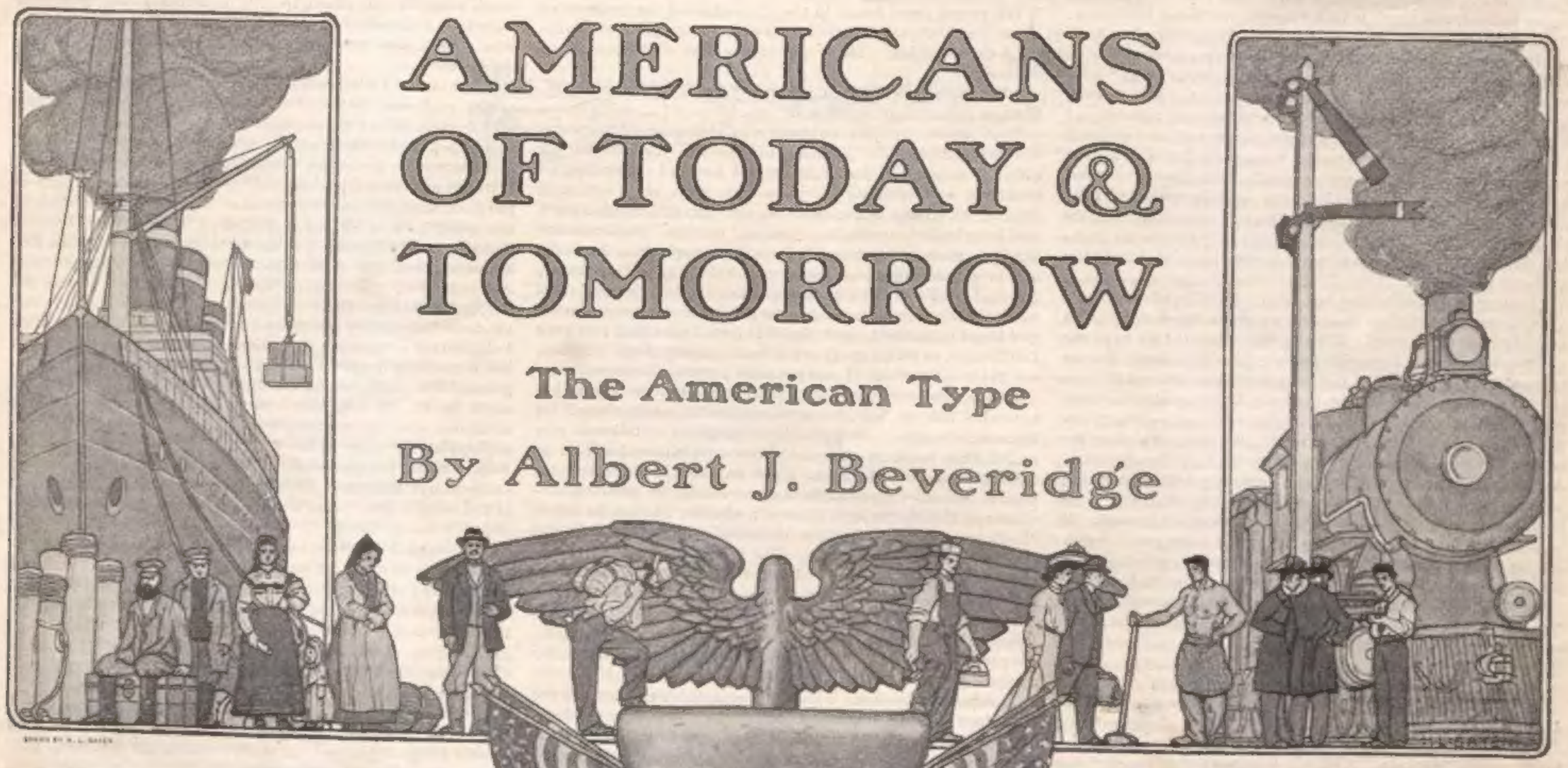
Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 176 — PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 8, 1903 — Number 6

Copyright, 1903, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.



AMERICANS OF TODAY & TOMORROW

The American Type

By Albert J. Beveridge

"THE American type has not arrived," said an observant member of the English House of Commons who has divided his time between statecraft and a study of the characteristics of peoples. The Republic is like some vast crucible in which the High Power of the universe is still pouring various ingredients and compounding them with the pestle of events and the years. Now this Great Chemist of the ages pours in an element of unmixed Teuton blood; again, He adds a quantity of Italian people; anon a dash of Slav and French. At another time it is Norse blood; pretty continuously He adds quantities of Celt, as represented by the Irish and Scotch; and mixing all with the great basis of Anglo-Saxon, the pestle goes round and round in the process of reducing the whole to consistency.

Though the work is not yet finished, though the colors of the original ingredients are not yet entirely blended, there begins to be a uniformity even in this early hour of our national youth. Fundamental characteristics have already been noted. Let us observe, now, some of the minor qualities which are already also emerging.

It will be found that each one of these, like the elemental characteristics, grows out of our peculiar situation and condition. Make the following experiment: Read the paper of any city you may chance to be in for a week. Before the week is ended you will see announcement that some organization, some society, is holding its general convention there. To-day it is some secret organization like the Masons, or the Odd Fellows, or the Knights of Pythias and the like; to-morrow it will be some commercial organization like lumber-dealers, cattle-raisers, carriage-builders. Everybody knows of the activity of manufacturers' associations; and the great labor bodies are real powers in the world of industry. The musicians of America held a well-attended convention last spring. The commercial travelers have an organization of almost military solidarity. A committee representing the Southern cotton spinners recently called on a public man to address them at their annual convention; and no body of business men "convenes" oftener than the bankers of the several States. The other week over thirty thousand school-teachers and college professors met at Boston in convention. I read to-day that a great religious denomnation has just had its annual conference or synod. And political conventions are a thing of perpetual occurrence. "The organization" is a momentous thing to the political worker, and rightly.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth paper in the series Americans of To-day and To-morrow.

In short, your American is an Organizer. He is gregarious. He must get together. He must reduce his activities to system. The switchmen of our railroads must have their lodges, officers and discipline. So must our mine workers. This tendency to organize among the American People is not a temporary passion. It is a trait of our character. It is a law of cohesion which our kindly destiny has set in motion to hold us together. It is useful that, in a Republic, this should be so. A monarchy might well do without it, because the minute and rigid organization of the monarchy of itself absorbs the organizing ability of the people and renders their voluntary organization unnecessary.

If the Constitution Should Be Blotted Out

BUT our Government is the people itself. May it not be that loyalty to the Republic might possibly be an indiscriminate and idealistic passion to be talked about in club or at fireside rather than acted upon were it not, perhaps, for the fact that our industrial and social constitution itself compels little organizations among us and therefore loyalty to those little organizations? And is there not thus begotten in us a loyalty to the great central organization called our Government which has its roots in the very depths of our being? Astonishing is the fervor manifested by college men in adherence to and service of their Greek letter fraternities and affection for their badges. It is even more curious to note the enthusiasm of full-grown men of experience and affairs for some secret order or lodge they belong to and their peculiar attachment to the emblem of their order; it is to them more important and meaningful than any family heirloom handed down through generations. But by the same token this intense and, to some, almost eccentric interest of sane and effective men in little organizations and the insignia thereof all focuses in a large devotion to Country and Flag. All of the little organizations are schools of discipline for citizenship in the big organization. All are training ships for the great Ship of State. Where an organization is not this—where the first principle of it is not loyalty to the Government—it is poisonous and deserves extermination.

We are so welded together now by common interests and so well trained in system that destruction of the Government is quite impossible. Take a startling and impossible example: Suppose our Constitution should to-morrow by some miracle be withdrawn from the memory of man and all our high officials be paralyzed—still, as a matter of actual happening, there would be no continuous governmental chaos, no permanent business paralysis, no lasting disturbance of society. Our habits of orderly procedure would propel us forward with system and purpose. For order in home, church, industry, business, even in amusements, is a quality of the American character. It has evolved out of the nature of things.

For we have been left to ourselves; and system, which Peter the Great found it necessary to force upon the Slav, has sprung spontaneously out of our necessities.

Your American is profoundly in earnest. He takes himself seriously, and he has good reason to. He feels that he is executing a commission, the terms and directions of which have not been written by human hands nor devised by human wisdom. But, for all that, he is no gloomy knight of heaven. He is no sombre egotist of destiny. Convinced that his purposes are the very highest sent to any people and that his success is as certain as any appointed event of nature, he looks kindly on the world and on himself. The phenomena of events yield him the fruit of humor as well as of duty. No analyst can call him gay—it is too light a word to describe the feeling back of his mellow laughter. But he carries off his mission with light-heartedness. There is a vein of happiness in his grimmest purpose.

It is useful for the student of American character to visit occasionally the high-class places of public amusement. You will observe that the audience is as vital, as full-blooded, as Englishmen were in the days when the "roast beef of old England" served to describe British character. Yet there is mirth among them. Your American enjoys his jest. In the orderly on-going of his life, in the serious and creative walk of his daily affairs, he finds it necessary to have the funny, the eccentric, even the bizarre, to keep the industry of his life from breaking its own machinery; just as the safety-valve is a necessity in a boiler to prevent its explosion. Witness the curious and otherwise inexplicable spread, in all our Sunday newspapers, of queer and ridiculous colored supplements filled with nonsense pictures. And observe that gray heads feed upon them with the avidity of the children of the family.

Thus we see that the harp of our national character has among its strings the chord of humor which the Great Player

constantly touches; and so is added to the music of our national existence a kindly liveliness which makes the strains of the whole composition attractive. And it is well that it is so; for on such an exalted scale is that composition pitched, so full of the solid and noble is it, that it would be splendidly monotonous but for the note of happiness and joy which recurs again and again.

It is well that it is so; because another and not so fortunate an element of American character is thereby appeased. That element is American impatience. Your merchant knows this and sees to it that new goods and new fashions are constantly in his windows. And a writer must have something to say indeed, and say it with a singular force and brilliancy, if he does not wear out the reader. Also, how often have public careers been ended because they were perpetually in evidence. "Let me hear no more of the Cuban War," said a lady who reads incessantly and thinks some. And did she not voice a national impatience of iteration and reiteration? Most thinkers regard this as a weak element of our national character. The writer shares in this opinion, but sees in a part of the reason for it a certain good. The American mind takes in a thing very quickly. We are the nation of telephones, telegraphs, high speed, instant dispatch. We do things quickly. We see things quickly. We solve the problem while slower peoples are comprehending what the problem really is.

The American People may be called "The Electric Nation."

So when a proposition is stated we arrive at our conclusion and move on to the next. When a joke is uttered we have our laugh; but let the humorist beware how he repeats it—no squeezed oranges for us. We have enormous powers of mental digestion and we consume the fruit of life and circumstance with rapidity. We build some mighty structure—we accomplish some mighty feat. Very well! We have no time for self-admiration. What can we do better? is the question. And we answer that question by immediately doing something better. And so the impatience of American character is no illegitimate offspring. It is no exotic and foreign growth. It is quite a natural thing and has the good uses pointed out. But its dangers cannot be denied. And the conservatism and thoroughness of American character must prevent American impatience from spoiling the permanence and beneficence of our work in the world and history; and humor must make our life and effort tolerable.

The American Instinct for Holding On

IT IS curious to note the recurrence of racial characteristics in national life. With all our mixture the base is, in the broad sense, Teutonic. And all people of this blood have been rulers, governors, administrators. They seem to have the faculty of administrative control over other peoples. They have, too, the instinct of territorial acquisition. Go deeper than the thought of any American, Englishman or German, and the voice that will speak to you from his instinct will say that the world is his inheritance. "The Earth is the Lord's and the Fulness Thereof" is the quotation over the Stock Exchange in London. "Yes," said a witty Frenchman reading it, "but these Englishmen think they are the representatives of the Lord. And what they mean is that the Earth is the Englishman's and the Fulness Thereof." The young woman in Canada who painted the English Flag with a bulldog standing by it and the inscription "What we have we hold" struck a responsive chord in the British breast.

The envious laugh at the Emperor of Germany. "But," said a great German merchant, "say what you will, the Emperor is the most popular man in Germany because in his foreign enterprises he represents the instinct of our German millions." Toward the end of the Spanish War, when the question of holding the Philippines was the proposition of the hour, the writer attended a great meeting of the party in opposition. A powerful orator spoke against holding the Philippines. In the audience were many hundreds of workingmen. Three sat very near the front. They still had on their blouses; they were still fresh from the factory. Also, they were ardent members of the opposition party. Vigorously they applauded all of the old-time sentiments against the party in power. But when the speaker began his attack upon the policy of holding the Philippines one of them said to another:

"There's where I don't agree with him."

"No," responded the other. "I say keep every inch of them."

"Yes, that's my sentiment," said the third. "Get all you can and keep all you get."

"That's it," said the first of the three laboring men. "That's the doctrine. If our party goes against that, there's where I quit them."

This conversation was typical. Who that was raised in "the country" has not known an old farmer possessed of broad acres enough for himself and also enough to give a good farm to each of his children. Who has not known this old American farmer to keep adding to his possessions, and even to mortgage what he already has to secure additions to his surplus holdings? Why does he do it? He could not tell you. Nobody could tell you. He does it because the blood within him compels him to do it. He does it for the same reason that the bird flies southward on the approach of winter and northward on the approach of spring. He obeys a racial instinct.

In short, one element of American character is territorial acquisitiveness.

There is no use of wasting energy or time debating whether that is a good thing or a bad thing. It is so. And if it is so, it is so for a good reason. The Great Maker of us did not create this instinct without a purpose.

American Pride and Generosity

THE recent great floods in the West aroused the sympathies of the Nation. Offers of help were telegraphed to devastated communities. The reply of one was characteristic of the rest:

"We thank you for your generosity but we need no help. We can take care of ourselves."

That answer reveals an American characteristic—pride. We are, perhaps, the proudest of peoples. Undoubtedly it arises from our national doctrine and habit of depending on ourselves and winning our own way. We are a nation of farmers who have made their own farms, of manufacturers who have built their own factories, and the like. Self-reliance has been preached from our pulpits and taught from the desks of our schoolrooms and reiterated by our great instructor, Necessity. From the first it was considered disgraceful (and was so) for an American not to be able to take care of himself and those dependent upon him. It is still so, and let us pray (and strive, as well as pray) that it always may be so. Hence, our pride—the child of our peculiar personal independence.

Hence, too, our generosity. We are called the most egotistical of nations, but are we not entitled to our egotisms? Is there a contemporaneous people (or does history tell us of any nation that lived in the past) who on the one hand is so masterful and on the other hand so cares for suffering, for want? We appropriated $200,000 to help the afflicted survivors of the Martinique disaster; whereas France, to which Martinique belongs, found a constitutional objection in the way of a like appropriation. We sent a shipload of provisions to starving Ireland. Let fire, flood, drouth or famine; let epidemic, disease or any form of misfortune befall any portion of our Republic, and the brotherhood within us becomes active and furnishes shelter, food, medicine, cash, prayers, tears, and every form of tangible aid and tender sympathy where needed.

It is personal contact with life's actualities that makes the American People intolerant of frauds. A foreign critic of us, in a book published some half-dozen years ago, said that we are mercurial in temperament, liable to gusts of enthusiasm, capricious in affections and dislikes. He observed that we were swept off our feet by an agitation one year and that a precisely contrary agitation equally swept us off our feet the next year. From the surface his observation was accurate; but he did not examine the whole texture and constitution of American character. A certain impetuosity of massed conviction *is* discernible in political and religious movements in this country. Yet that impetuosity has never yet failed to yield to the most influential counsellor to whom the American People ever listens: Old Father Second Thought. That we are hasty cannot be denied, but we are fortunate in the habit of pounding right on at a proposition until it is finally finished.

"A fault I find with your Republic is that it encourages among the people love of notoriety," said an intelligent observer of our institutions. And who does not remember the Frenchman's book on American Character issued anonymously four or five years ago? This year the papers have bristled with stinging criticism from certain European writers upon the American love of the tawdry and vainglorious. Surface observation seems to justify their painful statements. If more careful analysis confirms surface observations, it is the most distressing fact of American development.

Our Ridicule of "Grand Stand Plays"

BUT I do not find it to be true. The man of gold lace, the attitude maker, the "grand-stand player" (how apt, after all, is our slang!) elicits the attention but not the respect of our American masses. Our tendencies are less and less toward the notorious. Bombastes Furioso can get no American audience to-day; whereas, a quarter of a century ago his tinsel and sound attracted mightily. And who has not observed in recent years instances of the deadly effect which strut in a man's character has upon American opinion—that, too, even though the man be of excellent abilities with a record of uncommon service to the Republic? On the whole, the ponderer upon American social phenomena must admit that our tendencies are toward the simple and sincere in speech, instead of toward the grandiose and pretentious; toward the quiet in ceremony, instead of the ostentatious; and so on throughout all the manifestations of American character.

For example, do we not all know that any American speaker or lecturer would be laughed at who used to-day the rhetoric of Burke; that the filt of even Macaulay's rich style and the ponderous magnificence of Gibbon are tolerated only because of the real merit of much of their matter? Or, suppose to-day that an American President were to ride in a gilded coach with caparisoned horses, footmen and all the other spectacular accoutrements which Washington is said to have used; would not the American electorate reject such a President, even if he were conceded to be the very ablest statesman and the most distinguished soldier the Republic has yet produced? Or would not the equally ostentatious simplicity of Jefferson, who rode horseback from the White House to the Capitol and tied his horse with his own hands to a post, be received with equal condemnation and for the same reasons?

Your American does not like the vulgar advertisement of a public man riding long journeys in a common railway coach when he can afford to ride in a chair car; and your American also equally resents the conduct of the public man who goes to the other extreme. For your American wants the genuine.

In all of this I discern in American character a sub-current of the moderate. (Never mind the surface eddies—mark only the real flow of the stream.) There is among our masses a predilection for the simple. Were this not so we should feel despair for American institutions and America's future. With all our fervency of disposition, with all our intensity of purpose, with all our enthusiasm of manner, we are still, in the great bulk, a Nation of plodders. And thank Heaven that this is so! The fable of the tortoise and the hare has disappeared from our school books, but not from our current American folk talk. Walk, having ears to hear, among the people, and note their expressions. "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched," said a school urchin to an imaginative companion the other day—thus showing that in his home this pungent saying of Anglo-Saxon caution expressed the conservative wisdom of his family in 1903 as much as it did a hundred years ago. How interesting if some one who has the time would pick up and publish the sayings of the man in the field and forge and mine, of the woman about her household! All of them would be words of conservative wisdom. They would show that American life is the simple life. And doubt not that the simple life is the only life worth living.

The unkind observations of foreign critics and the superficial analysis of quick writers here at home, above referred to, are due to the eccentricities of a small class of the over-rich and the quickly-rich, of neurotic public men who appeal by the methods of the bizarre and the brazen, and of like clumps and coteries of foolish people among us. But all of these classes put together are practically unappreciable in the great make-up of American character.

If some supreme analyst of character could make a quantitative and qualitative analysis of American traits he would hardly mention the *flaring classes* among the American millions. In such an analysis he would scarcely set them down opposite the words "a trace."

The Immediate Duty of Each of Us

BUT if, perchance, there is a tendency toward notoriety, if the decay of the simple has begun, then each of us Americans has an immediate personal duty before him. Each of us must become a disciple of The Simple Life. We must practice and preach the sincere as those who, in the midst of a dangerous epidemic, take physical precautions against contagious death. For the simple is the true. The sincere is the veracious. *And no human being ever lived who can depart from the simple and sincere with safety.* Is that not what Emerson meant in his Wood Notes when he speaks of the pine tree as the "giver of honor"? Is this not the burden of the instruction of the world's great teachers? Though many Americans had read Wagner's book, The Simple Life, before Theodore Roosevelt mentioned it in one of his capital little speeches, the President did the people, whom he so passionately loves, a real service when he called particular attention to this admirable volume. I have forgotten who struck off the fortunate expression "Plain living and high thinking"; but it has served as an inspiration and true guide to more thoughtful American men and women than any other five words I know of.

Of course, it is not claimed that analysis of American characteristics has been exhausted; no doubt an inventory of them has only been suggested in these papers. For American character is like the sea—fathomless and all-abounding, and revealing to science new wonders and riches; or like the heavens on clear and starry nights that discover to each new telescope of higher power new possibilities beyond. Defects we have—yes; mistakes we have made—certainly. Who claims perfection for the American People? Surely, not the American People themselves.

But we do claim that we are making earnest efforts toward perfection.

We do claim that American character, on the whole, is sweet and wholesome and generous and high-purposed.

We do claim that we will make each year better than the last, each generation nobler than its fathers.

We do claim that each epoch of our history shows the Flag planted a day's march onward and that the march will continue.

And, for proof of these claims, we Americans appeal to chronicle and to contemporary event; and, most of all, to the historian of the future.

Mme. Patti's Advice to Singers

Her Own Rules for Preserving the Voice

(Dictated by Madame Patti to William Armstrong, and revised by her for publication)

PEOPLE who cultivate the voice have widely different ideas on what constitutes the best method of its preservation. If I gave lessons I should cultivate the middle notes and the voice of the singer would be good at the age of a hundred.

The whole harm to a voice comes in pushing it up and down, in trying to add extra notes to its compass.

"How high can you sing?" appears to be the question. But what about the foundation part of the voice, that is, the middle notes? My success is founded on those notes, and there can be no enduring success without them.

How many can sing very high and yet cannot sing Home Sweet Home! Some pooh-pooh the idea of the difficulty of that simple melody. But it is more difficult to sing Home Sweet Home than the waltz song from Romeo and Juliet because of its demands upon the development of the voice. Without the beautiful middle notes there is no cantabile, and upon the proper development of these and the avoidance of strain by forcing high and low notes the enduring powers of the singer depend.

High gymnastics are very beautiful, but lose the middle notes and you lose all. The very high and the very low notes are the ornaments, but what good are Gobelins and pictures if you have no house to hang them in?

The tremolo, one of the most objectionable and unbearable of vocal faults, is but a phase of this forcing, and comes of the spreading of the vocal chords through straining.

How often the question has been put to me, "Miss Patti, how high can you sing?" and I have thought: "Are you at it, too?" The middle voice is the one that you need to sing with. I sing comfortably.

If you want to sing for years, do not strain the natural compass of the voice. That is like living on capital. I have always lived within my income and I have always had something to put aside.

The question of success or failure as a singer is simplified by self-judgment and discrimination. Many voices are not worth the cultivation, and that means time and opportunities lost. Very often students wear out their voices with overstudy before they appear in public. They destroy the freshness of the voice by singing too much.

A Golden Rule for Singers

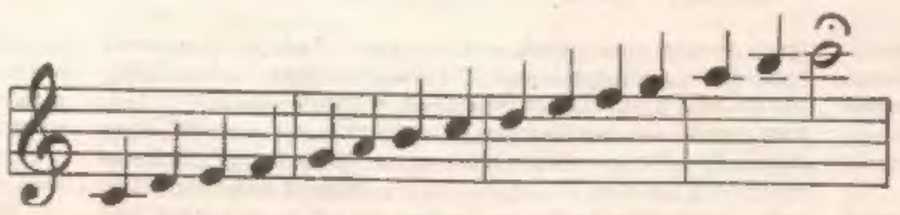
AS TO the length of time to be devoted to study, I myself do not give more than fifteen or twenty minutes to it daily, and these few minutes I devote to scales.

It was my brother, Mr. Ettore Barili, who laid the foundation of my singing, and his method to-day is taught by my nephew, Alfredo Barili. My brother-in-law, Mr. Strackosch, taught me certain embellishments and cadenzas, but it was to Ettore Barili that I owed the foundation as well as the finish of my vocal equipment. With him I studied solfeggii, trills, scales; the chromatic scales came naturally. I think I was trilling when I came into the world.

My golden rule in singing is, to spare myself until the voice is needed, and then never to give it all out. Put it in the bank. I do not push my voice for the pleasure of the moment. If you are prodigal of your powers at such times, the next time you wish to be generous you cannot.

There is an old Italian proverb that I hold fast to as my guide: "Who goes slowly goes safely; who goes safely goes far." I have always followed that course in the use of my voice. Consequently I have it at command when I need it. I never sang when I was not well enough, neither did I sing when I was doubtful of the condition of my voice. I simply went to bed and said that there was "no one in." Managers came, besought, pleaded and entreated, but I was not well and I would not sing. The opera house might remain closed, but if there had been opera then, there would be no opera now.

One instance I remember well when it proved most difficult to refuse.



The King of Prussia, later the German Emperor William I, had arranged a court concert in which I was to sing. Although everything had been prepared at the palace, when the day arrived I did not feel well and refused to go. To Meyerbeer was given the unpleasant task of conveying my refusal. But the King did not resent it, for he came to hear me when I next appeared. During the performance he asked,

"Miss Patti, what caused you to be so ill?"

"Your royal climate, Your Majesty," was my reply.

The true secret of preserving the voice is not to force it and not to sing when one ought not to.

In the matter of diet and its relation to the voice I can only say that I have been able to eat and drink in moderation anything I like. During a performance I do not take anything unless it may be a little chicken soup, nor at such times do I feel like eating. Eating after singing I consider injurious, for one is then always more or less fatigued.

I never make a point of having my dinner at three o'clock on the days that I sing, nor could I ever understand why some singers insist on this plan. I dine half an hour before I go to the hall for a concert, and as I do not appear at the beginning of the program I have at least an hour between dining and singing, which interval I always find quite enough. It is too fatiguing to attempt to sing on an empty stomach, and though some indulge in eating after singing, I have always avoided suppers at home in the middle of the night; late suppers disagree with me.

So far as denying myself is concerned, I have not found the slightest difficulty in giving up anything that it is unwise to indulge in. At one time I dieted for four years. That was, however, not due to the demands of my voice.

Over and again it has been said that I never speak on the day on which I am to sing. This is not by any means the case. I talk all I want, but of course I hold no receptions on those days.

Fresh air and plenty of it is of vital importance to the singer. Every day that is not too inclement I take from two and a half to three hours' exercise in the open air, driving and walking. To this regimen I attribute in great degree my good health and powers of endurance. There is nothing like fresh air and exercise for keeping the voice in good order. When sodden days dripping with rain come, preventing my going out-of-doors, I feel quite another being than on those when I follow my course of exercise: the best medicine and the best tonic possible for a singer.

When a singer is about to enter upon a public career there is one point to be considered—that of fitness for concert or for opera. I think if you can sing in concert, if you have feeling and discernment, you can sing in opera, though in my opinion some who are good in concert are by no means fitted for opera. The operatic stage demands so much of everything: voice, knowledge of singing and acting. Everything has to be calculated; even a wrong step or two during a phrase will bring one into the wings instead of to the front of the stage. Ease of movement, dramatic instinct and feeling are all necessary of response with the opera singer, and yet without them a fairly good voice may bring to its possessor a degree of success on the concert platform. Again, the demands on personal appearance are far more exacting on the operatic than on the concert stage, though equally of decided advantage to those who fortunately command them. Another most important gift and one absolutely indispensable to success in opera is presence of mind, for on the stage it is always the unexpected that happens. In my early career I knew no such thing as nervousness. I had nothing to lose then, but later it was different. When I had made my reputation I grew more and more nervous, for it is one thing to build up a reputation and another thing to sustain it.

Not alone on the stage but in the auditorium, incidents are continually arising that demand of a singer an absolute self-control, command of memory and vocal powers in the face of distractions and of danger oftentimes fatal in their aspect. On the very night of my operatic début, something of this kind occurred. It was at the Academy of Music in New York, on Thanksgiving Day in 1859. I sang the title part in Donizetti's Lucia with Brignoli as Edgardo. A man had hung his coat carelessly over the front of the gallery and a pistol in the pocket went off in the middle of the performance. For an instant every one stopped still on the stage, then we went ahead again and the audience was reassured.

What Presence of Mind May Mean

ANOTHER accident, more serious in the possibility of its consequences, happened at Bucharest. A man had climbed upon the irons at the side of the stage to get sight of me. He slipped and fell on a poor woman who was standing in the wings. She was badly hurt, and her cries resounding through the house caused some one to call "fire." In an instant the excitable audience was in a panic. The thought flashed through my mind that a stampede for the doors might bring death to hundreds. "It is no fire!" I called. "It is nothing!" And I began to sing Home, Sweet Home. Before I had half-finished the first verse the audience was quieted.

Another time, in Vienna, I was singing in Lucia and had just begun the cadenza with the flute in the mad scene, when my long, flimsy sleeve caught fire in the gas. Without stopping, I tore it off and finished the aria. But that time, after I got behind the scenes, and everything was over, I fainted.

Once, I was singing in this same Lucia with a tenor as Edgardo whom I had never seen. As Edgardo and his brother are dressed alike in the first scene, when I appeared on the stage I did not know which one I was to sing to. Already my music was sounding from the orchestra.

"Which is Edgardo?" I asked hastily.

"The one to the left," was the answer. And I hurried towards him, singing as I went.

Yet another time there was demand for presence of mind in an episode of a different description. The opera was Traviata and the tenor a forgetful one. In the duet in the last act he suddenly began to sing my part. In a flash, I had to take up his until, as suddenly, his memory returned. When the curtain was rung down he thanked me with tears in his eyes. It was the second incident of the kind that had happened to him, and the first had not been so fortunate for both singers.

"HOW HIGH CAN YOU SING?" APPEARS TO BE THE QUESTION

A POT OF JAM

An Incident of Delayed Rapid Transit

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH

AFTER a fit of choking that could be heard all over the train the left lung of the locomotive gave out. I had heard her coughing up the long grade and had begun to wonder whether she would pull through, when she gave a wheeze and then a jerk and out went her cylinder head.

Boston was four hours away and time was of value to me. So it was to all the other passengers, judging from the variety and pungency of their remarks—all except one—an old lady who had boarded the train at the foot of the long grade and who occupied a seat immediately in front of mine.

Such a dear old lady: plump and restful, a gray worsted shawl about her shoulders and a reticule on her arm. An old lady with a round rosy face framed in a hood-of-a-bonnet edged with ruffles, the strings tied under her chin, her two soft, human, kindly eyes peering at you over her gold-rimmed spectacles resting on the end of her wee nose. The sort of an old lady that you would have liked to have for a mother provided you never had one of your own that you could remember.

As the delay continued, the passengers made remarks. Some I cannot remember. Others I cannot print.

One man in unblackened boots, with a full set of dusting-brush whiskers sticking up above his collarless shirt, smooth-shaven chin, red face and a shock of iron gray hair held in place by a slouch hat, said he'd "be doggoned if he ever knowed where he was at when he traveled on this road."

Another—a man with a leather case filled with samples on the seat beside him—a restless, loud-talking man, remarked that "they ought to build a cemetery at both ends of the road and then the mourners could go in a walk and everybody would be satisfied, instead of trying to haul trains loaded with live people that wanted to get somewheres."

Another—a woman this time—in a flower-covered hat and shiny brown silk dress—new, and evidently the pride of her heart from the care she took of it—one of those crisp, breezy, outspoken women of forty-five or fifty—slim, narrow-faced, keen-eyed; with a red—quite red—nose that would one day meet an ambitious upturned chin, and straight, firm mouth, the under lip always pressed tight against the upper one when her mind was made up—remarked in a voice that sounded like a buzz-saw striking a knot:

"You ain't tellin' me that we're goin' to miss the train at Worcester, be ye?"

This remark being addressed to the car as a whole—no single passenger having vouchsafed any such information—was received in dead silence.

The arrival of the conductor, wiping the grease and grime from his hands with a wad of cotton-waste, revived hope for a moment and encouraged an air of gaiety.

He was a gentlemanly conductor, patient, accustomed to be abused, and brief in his replies.

"Maybe one hour; maybe six."

The gaiety ceased.

The bewhiskered man said: "Well, I'll be goshdurned!"

The sample-case man said, "—— —— —— —— ——" (You can fill that up at your leisure.)

The woman in the brown silk rose to her feet, gathered her skirts carefully in her hand, skewered the conductor with her eye, and said: "You've gone and sp'ilt my day, that's what you've gone and done;" and, receiving no reply, crossed the aisle and plumped herself down in the overturned seat opposite the dear old lady, adding, as she shook out her skirt: "Dirt mean, ain't it?"

The Dear Old Lady looked at the Woman in Brown, nodded in kindly assent, gazed after the conductor over her spectacles until he had closed the door, and said in a low, sweet voice that was addressed to nobody in particular, and yet which permeated the car like a strain of music:

"Well, if we're going to be here for six hours I guess I'll knit."

Just here I began to be interested. The philosophy of the dear woman's life had evidently made her proof against such trivialities. Six hours! What difference did it make? There was a flavor of the *Mañana per la mañana* of the Spaniard and the *Dolce far niente* of the Italian in her acceptance of the situation that appealed to me. Another sun would rise on the morrow as beautiful as the one we had to-day; why worry over its setting. Let us eat, drink and be merry—or knit. It was all the same to her.

I immediately wanted to know more of this passenger—a desire that did not in the slightest degree apply to any other inmate of the car. And yet there were restrictions and barriers which I could not pass. Not occupying the seat beside her or opposite her, but the one behind her, I, of course, was not on terms of such intimacy as would make it possible for me to presume upon her privacy. She was occupying her own house, as it were, framed in between two seat-backs turned to face each other, giving her the use of four seats—one of which had been usurped by the Woman in Brown. I had my one seat with my bag beside me, giving me the privileges of two sittings. Between us, of course, was the back of her own seat, over which I looked and studied her back hair and bonnet and shawl and—knitting.

Under the circumstances I could no more intrude upon the Dear Old Lady's privacy than upon a neighbor's who lived next door to me, whom I did not know, and yet was only separated from me by an eight-inch brick wall. The conventionalities of life enforce these conditions. When, therefore, the Dear Old Lady informed me and the car that she would "knit" I got myself into position to watch the operation; not obtrusively, not with any intention of prying but just because—well, just because I couldn't help it.

There was something about her, somehow, that I could not resist. I knew a Dear Old Lady once. She wasn't so stout as this old lady, and her eyes were not brown, but blue, and her hair smooth as gray satin and of the same color. I can see her now as I write, the lamplight falling on her ivory needles and tangle of white yarn—and sometimes, even now, I think I hear her voice.

The Dear Old Lady before me felt in her pocket, pulling up her overskirt and fumbling about for a mysterious pouch that was tied around her waist, perhaps, and in which she carried her purse, and then she pinched her reticule, and then said to herself—I was so near I could hear every word: "Oh, I guess I put it in the bag." And she leaned over and began unfastening the clasps of an old-fashioned carpet-bag, encased in a linen duster, which rested on the seat in front of her and beside the Woman in Brown, who drew her immaculate, never-to-be-spotted silk skirt out of the way of any possible polluting touch.

I craned my head. Somehow I could hardly wait to see what kind of knitting she would take out—whether it was a man's stocking or a baby's mitten or a pair of wee socks, or a stripe to sew in an afghan to put over somebody's bed. What stories could be written about the things dear old ladies knit—what stories they are, really! In every ball of yarn there is a thread that leads from one heart to another: to some big son or fragile daughter, or to the owner of a pair of pink toes that won't stay covered no matter how close the crib—or to a chubby-faced boy with frost-tipped ears or cheeks.

First came the ball of yarn—just plain gray yarn—and then two steel needles, and then——

Then the Dear Old Lady stopped and an expression of blank amazement overspread her sweet face as her fingers searched the interior of the bag.

"Why," she said to herself, "why! Well! You don't tell me that—well! I never knew that to happen before. Oh, isn't that dreadful! Well, I never!" Here she drew out an unfinished gray yarn stocking. "Just look at it! Isn't it awful!"

The Woman in Brown gave a start, sprang to her feet and switched her dress close to her knees.

"What is it?" she cried.

"Jam!" answered the old lady.

"Jam! You don't mean to say——"

"That's just what it is. Blackberry jam, that my Lizzie put up for John just before I left home and—oh, isn't it too bad! It's streaming all over the seat and running down on the floor! Oh my! My!"

The Woman in Brown gave a bound and was out in the aisle. "Well, I should think," she cried indignantly, "that you'd had sense enough to know better than to carry jam in a thing like that. I ain't got none on me, hev I?"

The Dear Old Lady didn't reply. She was too much absorbed in her own misfortunes to notice her companion's.

"I told Lizzie," she continued, "just before I left, that she oughter put it in a basket, but she 'lowed that it had a tin cap and was screwed tight and that she'd stuff it down in my clothes and it would carry all right. I ain't never left it out of my hand but once and then I give it to the man who helped me up the steps. He must have set it down sudden like."

As she spoke she drew out from the inside of the bag certain articles of apparel which, with an uneasy glance around the car, she laid on the seat. One looked like a towel that had just wiped off the face of a boy who had swallowed the contents of the jar.

"AIN'T BUT ONE STOCKING TETCHED, ANYHOW"

The Woman in Brown was in the aisle now examining her skirts, twisting them round and round in search of stray bits of jam. The Dear Old Lady was still at work in her bag, her back shielding its smeared contents. Trickling down upon the floor and puddling in the aisle and under the seats on the opposite side of the car ran a sticky fluid that the woman avoided stepping upon with as much care as if it had been a snake.

I started forward to help the Dear Old Lady and then I suddenly checked myself. What could I do? The blackberry jam had not only soaked John's stockings, but it had also permeated—well, as the Dear Old Lady was traveling and evidently on the way to see John—her son, no doubt—and to stay all night, there were, of course, a number of other things besides John's stockings—personal belongings which were not the sort of things at all for an unknown gentleman—any kind of a gentleman, in fact, young or old—to fumble among. No—it was beyond question. I could not be of the slightest use. Then again, there was a woman present. Whatever help the Dear Old Lady needed should come from her.

"You ain't got no knife, I suppose?" I heard the Woman in Brown say. "If you had you could scrape most of it off."

"No," answered the Dear Old Lady. "Have you?"

"Well, I did hev, but I don't just know where it is. It would gorm that up, too, maybe, if I did find it."

"No, I guess the best way is to try and wash it off. I'll get rid of this anyway," the Dear Old Lady answered; and out came the treacherous jar with the crack extending down its side, its metal top loose, the whole wrapped in yellow paper—all of which she dropped out of the open window.

During this last examination the Woman in Brown stood in the aisle, her skirts above her ankles. It wasn't her bag, nor her stockings, nor her jam. She had paid her fare and was entitled to her seat and its surrounding comforts. I had

"AIN'T YOU SET ON IT?"

a good view of her face as she stood in front of me and I saw what was passing in her mind. To this air of being imposed upon, first by the railroad and now by this fellow-passenger, was added a certain air of disgust—a contempt for any one, however old, who could be so stupid and careless. The little wrinkles that kept puckering at the base of her red lobster-claw of a nose helped me in this diagnosis. Its shape prevented her from turning it up at anybody and wrinkling was all that was left to her. Having read her thoughts as reflected in her face I was no longer surprised that she continued standing without offering in any way to help her companion out of her dilemma.

The Dear Old Lady's examination over and the intricacies of her bag explored, and the corners of certain articles of apparel lifted and immediately replaced again, she said to herself, with a sigh of relief:

"Ain't but one stocking tetched, anyhow. Most of it's in my shoes—yes—that's better. Oh, I was so scared!"

"Everything's stuck up, ain't it?" rasped the Woman. She hadn't taken her seat yet. It seemed to me she could get more comfort out of the Old Lady's misery standing up.

"Well, it might ha' been worse, but I ain't goin' to worry a mite over it. I'll go to the cooler and wash up what I can and the rest's got to wait till I get to John's," she said in her sweet, patient way, as she gathered up the bag and its contents and made her way forward.

The car relapsed into its former dull condition. Those of the passengers who were not experts and whose advice, if taken, would immediately replace the cylinder-head and send the train in on time, were picking flowers outside the track but close enough to the train to spring aboard at the first sign of life in the motive power. Every now and then there would come a back thrust of the car and a bumping into the one behind us. Some scientist who had spent his life in a country store hereupon explained to a mechanical engineer who had a market garden out of Worcester (I learned this from their conversation) that "it was the b'iler that acted that way; the engineer was lettin' off steam and the jerk come when he raised the safety-valve."

A brakeman now opened the door nearest the water-cooler, passed the old lady washing up, ran amuck through a volley of questions fired at him in rapid succession and slammed the other door behind him without replying to one of them. In this fusillade the Woman in Brown, who had now turned over a flower-picking passenger's seat in addition to her own, had managed her tongue with the rapidity and precision of a Gatling gun.

One of those mysterious rumors, picked up from some scrap of conversation heard outside, now drifted through the car. It conveyed the information that another engine had been telegraphed for and would be along soon. This possibility the Sample-Case Man demolished by remarking in his peculiar vernacular—unprintable, all of it—that it was ten miles to the nearest telegraph station and it would take two hours to walk it.

The bottom having dropped out of this slight hope the car relapsed into its dull monotony. No statement now of any kind would be believed by anybody.

During this depression I espied the Dear Old Lady making her way down the aisle. No trace of anxiety was on her face. The bag had resumed its former appearance, its linen duster buttoned tight over its ample chest.

The Woman in Brown was waiting for her, her feet up on the flower-picking passenger's seat, her precious brown silk tucked in above her shoes.

"Quite a muss, warn't it?" she said with rather a gleeful tone, as if she rejoiced in the Old Lady's punishment for her stupidity.

"Yes—but it's all right now. It soaked through my shoes and went all over my——" Here she bent her head and whispered into the Woman's ear. I realized then how impossible it would have been for me to have rendered the slightest assistance.

She had taken her seat now and had laid the bag in its original position on the cushion in front of her. My heart had gone out to her, but I was powerless to help. Once or twice I conned over in my mind an expression of sympathy, but I could not decide on just what I ought to say and when I ought to say it, and so I kept silence. I should not have felt that way about the Woman in Brown who sat across from me, her two feet patting away on the seat cushion as if to express her delight that she had escaped the catastrophe (toes express joy oftener than fingers, if we did but know it). It would not have taken me five seconds to express my opinion of her.

The Dear Old Lady began now to rearrange her toilette, drawing up her shawl, tightening the strings of her comfortable bonnet, wiping the big gold spectacles on a bit of chamois she took from her reticule. I watched every movement. Somehow I could not keep my eyes from her. Then I heard her say in a low voice to herself:

"Well, the toe warn't stained—I guess I can work on that."

Out came the needles and yarn again and the wrinkled fingers settled down to their work. No more charming picture in the world than the one now before me!

The Woman in Brown held a different opinion. Craning her head and getting a full view of the Dear Old Lady peacefully and comfortably at work, her sorrows ended, she snapped out:

"I s'pose ye don't know I can't put my feet down nowheres. It's all a muck round here; ye see'd it when the jar fust busted 'cause I heared ye say so. I been 'spectin' ye'd clean it up somehow."

Down went the knitting and up she got.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I'll get a newspaper and wipe it up. I hope you didn't get any on your clothes."

"Oh, I took care o' that!" she snapped back in answer. "This is a brand-new dress and I ain't wore it afore. I don't get nothin' on *my* clothes—I ain't that kind." This last came with a note of triumph in her voice.

I watched the Dear Old Lady lean over the thin ax-handle ankles of the Woman in Brown, mop up a little pool of jam-juice, tuck the stained paper under the crossbar and regain her seat. I started up to help, but it was all over before I could interfere.

The Dear Old Lady resumed her knitting. The Woman in Brown put down her feet; her rights had been recognized and she was satisfied. I kept up my vigil.

Soon a movement opposite attracted me. I raised my eyes. The Woman in Brown, with her eye on the Dear Old Lady, was stealthily opening a small paper bundle. She had the air of a boy trying to steal an apple from a stand. The paper parcel contained a red napkin, a dinner knife and two fat sandwiches streaming with butter.

"Oh, you brought your lunch with you, did ye?" remarked the Dear Old Lady, who had unexpectedly raised her eyes from her knitting and at the wrong moment.

"Well, jes' a bite. I'd offer ye some, but I heard ye say that you were goin' to eat dinner with your son. That's so, ain't it?"

"Yes, that's so."

The needles kept on their course, the Dear Old Lady's thoughts worked in with every stitch. It was now twelve o'clock and Boston hours away. John would dine late if he waited for his old mother.

The red napkin had now been laid on the seat cushion and the sandwiches placed side by side in full sight of the car. Concealment was no longer necessary.

"I don't s'pose ye left any water in the cooler, did ye?"

"Oh, plenty," came the reply, the needles still plying, the dear face fixed on their movement.

"Well, then, I guess before I eat I'll get a cup," she answered, and she covered the luncheon with the brown paper and passed down the aisle.

During her brief absence several important incidents took place. First there came a jerk that felt for a moment like a head-on collision. This was a new locomotive, which had been sent to our relief, butting into the rear car. Then followed a rush of passengers, flower-pickers, mechanical engineers, scientists, sample-case man and, last, the man with the dusting-brush whiskers. He paused for a moment, located his seat by his umbrella in the rack overhead, picked up the brown paper parcel, transferred it to the other seat, tilted forward the back of his own and sat down.

"Mine, ain't it?" he blurted out to the Woman in Brown who had returned and now stood looking at him in astonishment. She had a cup of water in one hand.

"Yes—spec' it is," she snarled back, "long as you want it." And she gathered her skirts carefully, edged into the reduced space, laid the cup of water on the sill of the window and sat down as carefully as a hen adjusting herself to a nest, and, I thought, with precisely the same movement.

A moment more and she leaned over the seat-back and said to the bewhiskered man:

"Hand me that napkin and stuff, will ye?"

The man moved his arm, picked up his newspaper, looked under it and said:

"It ain't here."

"Well, I guess it is. I sot it there not more'n two minutes ago!"

The man settled himself in his seat and began to read.

"Look 'round there, will ye? Maybe it dropped on the floor."

"It ain't on the floor. Guess I know a napkin when I see it." This came with some degree of positiveness.

"Well, it ain't here. I left it right where you're a-sittin' when I went and got this water. You ain't eat it, hev ye?" She was still in her seat, her head twisted about, her face expressing every thought that crossed her mind.

"No! I ain't eat it! I ain't no sword-swallower!" And the man buried his face in his paper. For him the incident was closed.

Here there came a still small voice floating out from the lips of the Dear Old Lady—slowly—one word at a time:

"Ain't you set on it?"

"Set on it! What!"

She was on her feet now, pulling her skirt around, craning her neck, her face getting whiter and whiter as the truth dawned upon her.

"Oh, Lordy! Jes' look at it! However did I come to! —OH!!"

"Here, take my handkerchief," murmured the Dear Old Lady. "Let me help wipe it off." And she laid down her knitting.

By this time I had a full view. Oh, but it was a beautiful stain! A large, irregular, map-like stain, with the counties plotted in bits of ham and the townships in smears of bread with little rivers of butter running everywhere.

One dear, beloved rill in an ecstasy of delight had skipped a fold and was pushing a heap of butter ahead of it down a side plait.

I hugged myself with the joy of it all. If it had only been a crock that she had sat in, with sandwiches enough to supply a picnic!

And the Stain! That ought to have been as large as the State of Rhode Island!

"AND EVERYBODY WOULD BE SATISFIED"

A Senator of Two Republics

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

By Ex-Senator G. G. Vest

Of Missouri

Copyright, 1903, by The Curtis Publishing Company. Copyright in Great Britain

I—ROSCOE CONKLING

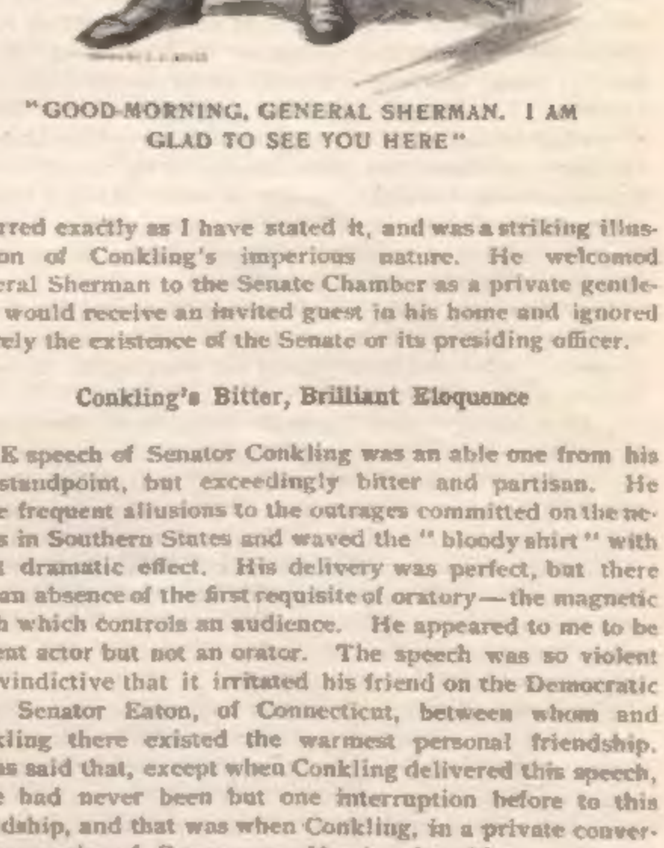
WHEN, on March 18, 1879, I took the oath of office as United States Senator from Missouri, there were many able and distinguished men in the Senate. On the Republican side were Conkling, Blaine, Carpenter, Edmunds, Hoar, Ingalls, Logan and Allison. The Democratic leaders were Thurman, Bayard, Pendleton, Voorhees, McDonald, Beck, Ben Hill, Lamar and Morgan.

Roscoe Conkling was the most picturesque and attractive figure in the Senate. Nature had been prodigal in dealing with this remarkable man. Tall, graceful, with a perfectly healthy body, classic features and a head denoting great intellect, he had also a splendid voice and great command of language. He was not a self-made man, in the ordinary meaning of the term, but came from a distinguished family and had received the best education possible. With all the natural gifts which I have mentioned, Mr. Conkling was not in any sense a great leader. He was haughty, imperious and often insulting with his social equals who differed from him, but soft and gentle as a summer breeze to subordinates and inferiors. The more I saw of him the more distinct was my impression that he ought to have been born a king and the head of a government exercising absolute power. He had very few friends in the Senate.

Conkling's Hauteur to His Equals

AS I was returning to my seat from the clerk's desk, where I had taken the oath, my colleague, General Cockrell, introduced me to Senator Conkling, but we never spoke to each other afterwards. Although he was made Chairman of the Committee on Commerce in 1881, when the Republicans obtained control of the Senate, and I was a member of that committee, our intercourse at the only meeting of the committee over which he presided was limited to my addressing him as Mr. Chairman and his recognition of me as the Senator from Missouri. There was never any antagonism between us except general disagreements on political questions, but an incident occurred on the day after I entered the Senate which fixed my relations with Senator Conkling.

On the morning of the second day's session of the Senate Senator Jonas, of Louisiana, and myself were sitting in the Democratic cloakroom listening to Senator John S. Williams, of Kentucky, known in that State as "Cerro Gordo" Williams, who was relating to us some of his war experiences, when Senator Conkling entered the room on his way to the Senate Chamber. On seeing him, Senator Williams, who was a typical Kentucky gentleman of the old school, and who had been introduced to Conkling the day before, said, "Good-morning, Senator Conkling," at the same time extending his hand. Instead of accepting the hand or making any reply, Conkling slightly inclined his head and, waving aside the hand of Williams, strode into the Senate, leaving all of us in a state of profound astonishment. Williams gazed after him with a look of puzzled amazement, and said to me, "What is the meaning of that? Do you suppose that man intended to insult me?" I replied that it was possibly the ordinary Senatorial custom to treat new Senators in that fashion, but I could furnish him no other information. Having known General Williams from my boyhood as one of the kindest and most courteous gentlemen in all my acquaintance, I felt indignant at the treatment received by him from Conkling and determined that I would not subject myself to any similar indignity by making any advances towards the New York Senator.



"GOOD-MORNING, GENERAL SHERMAN. I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU HERE"

The Autocrat of the Senate

THIS determination on my part was strengthened by another incident which occurred when Senator Conkling addressed the Senate on April 24, 1879, the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation Bill being under consideration. Although the Civil War had terminated fourteen years before, the country was still afflicted with its aftermath. The reconstruction measures attempted in the Southern States had produced a bitter sectional feeling, which was increased by the Democrats having prevented the passage of the general appropriation bills in the Forty-fifth Congress, because the Republican majority in the Senate had refused to repeal the obnoxious provisions of the revised statutes which permitted the appointment of supervisors of all elections in the States and the presence of United States troops and deputy marshals at the polls to enforce the orders of these supervisors.

The Republican leaders were exasperated by the result of the elections throughout the country in 1874 and 1876. Both branches of Congress, when called together in extraordinary session on March 18, 1879, were Democratic, and though Hayes had been declared President, many Republicans knew that a majority of the voters in the United States had cast their suffrages for Tilden, and that Hayes had been seated by the means adopted in Louisiana and Florida, supplemented by the creation of an Electoral Commission which decided by a vote of eight to seven that Hayes was entitled to the Presidency. The stalwart Republicans in Congress had no respect for Hayes and did not conceal their contempt for him and his Administration. When Harlan, one of the visiting statesmen to Louisiana, and who had turned the vote for Bristow to Hayes in the National Republican Convention of '76 at Cincinnati, was nominated for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, there was a bitter fight against the confirmation, and it was openly charged that his appointment was in reward for political services at Cincinnati and afterwards in Louisiana. James G. Blaine asked his Republican colleagues on the floor of the Senate how it happened that Hayes received the electoral vote of Louisiana when Packard, the Republican nominee for Governor of that State, who had seven thousand more votes than Hayes, was set aside for a Democrat—Packard being sent as Consul to Liverpool by the Hayes Administration. It was the custom of Conkling to speak publicly and privately of Rutherford Hayes as his "fraudulency" and "t'other-fraud" Hayes with his "snivel" service reform. Though Blaine and Conkling were bitter personal enemies, they agreed perfectly in their feeling towards the Hayes Administration.

After the debate in the extraordinary session of the Forty-sixth Congress had continued for some weeks, Senator Conkling gave notice that he should address the Senate on the twenty-fourth of April, and the announcement caused the Chamber to be filled by the most brilliant audience ever seen in Washington. It was the first time I had ever heard Mr. Conkling speak and I listened to him with the closest attention. He had before him on his desk, when he commenced speaking, a number of sheets of notepaper on which were memoranda that were used and then thrown on the floor. After he had spoken for half an hour, General Sherman, who was then in command of the Army, appeared on the floor of the Senate in full uniform, and, on seeing him, Conkling said, "Good-morning, General Sherman. I am glad to see you here. Take that seat" (pointing to an empty chair in the front row on the Democratic side). This incident is not found in the Congressional Record, but it occurred exactly as I have stated it, and was a striking illustration of Conkling's imperious nature. He welcomed General Sherman to the Senate Chamber as a private gentleman would receive an invited guest in his home and ignored entirely the existence of the Senate or its presiding officer.

ROSCOE CONKLING

Conkling's Bitter, Brilliant Eloquence

THE speech of Senator Conkling was an able one from his standpoint, but exceedingly bitter and partisan. He made frequent allusions to the outrages committed on the negroes in Southern States and waved the "bloody shirt" with great dramatic effect. His delivery was perfect, but there was an absence of the first requisite of oratory—the magnetic touch which controls an audience. He appeared to me to be a great actor but not an orator. The speech was so violent and vindictive that it irritated his friend on the Democratic side, Senator Eaton, of Connecticut, between whom and Conkling there existed the warmest personal friendship. It was said that, except when Conkling delivered this speech, there had never been but one interruption before to this friendship, and that was when Conkling, in a private conversation, spoke of Gouverneur Morris, the elder, as a great statesman, which irritated Eaton to the last degree. It was not until some days afterward that Conkling discovered in a clause of Gouverneur Morris', the elder's, will, written in 1760, what had caused the anger of his Connecticut friend. This remarkable clause reads as follows:

> "It is my desire that my son Gouverneur Morris have the best education that is to be had in England or America; but my express will and directions are that he be never sent for that purpose to the Colony of Connecticut, lest he should imbibe in his youth that low craft and cunning so incident to the people of that country, which is so interwoven in their constitutions that all their art cannot disguise it from the world, though many of them, under the sanctified garb of religion, have endeavored to impose themselves on the world for honest men."

Senator Eaton, a Jeffersonian Democrat in all his opinions, was devoted to his State, and any criticism of Connecticut excited his indignation to fever heat. He had no compromise to make with any one who impugned the honesty and patriotism of his constituents, and his personal friendship for Conkling did not prevent his resentment when the New York Senator spoke kindly of Gouverneur Morris, the elder.

In his speech on the twenty-fourth of April Senator Conkling foreshadowed the struggle which afterwards occurred in the Republican National Convention at Chicago when Grant was

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of personal recollections.

JAMES G. BLAINE

defeated for the nomination by Garfield. One of the most dramatic sentences in the speech was the allusion by Conkling to Grant's action as President in sending United States troops to the polls of New York City in 1870 and his eulogy of Grant as one "who never lost his self-poise and before whom a continent uncovered."

The personal enmity between Conkling and Blaine, which originated in Blaine's attack upon Conkling when they were members of the House of Representatives, entered into the subsequent career of both these distinguished men. Conkling knew that he could not be nominated for President, but he determined that in no event should Blaine occupy the White House. He believed that Grant could be nominated and elected for a third term and he bent all his energies toward that result. He went to the Chicago Convention, at the head of the New York delegation and nominated Grant in one of the best speeches he ever made. With Logan at the head of the Illinois delegation and Don Cameron controlling the Pennsylvania delegates, Conkling was sanguine of success; and although his friend, Chester A. Arthur, was nominated for Vice-President as a salve to the wound, the defeat of Grant was a blow to Conkling from which he never recovered as a public man.

Although the Democrats were united in their opposition to the provisions of the revised statutes which authorized the appointment of supervisors of all elections and the presence of Deputy United States Marshals and soldiers at the polls, the issue was an unfortunate one for them at the time it was made. The people of the United States were tired of war and wanted peace, in order to repair the ravages of four years' strife, in which the South had been utterly ruined and the resources of the North strained to the last degree. In the debate on what were called the riders to the appropriation bills, which occurred in the House of Representatives at the extraordinary session of the Forty-sixth Congress, Garfield, in one sentence, struck the popular keynote and made himself President. Facing the Democratic majority in the House, he defiantly shouted, "You tried for four years to shoot the Government to death, and now you propose to starve it."

The Quarrel With Garfield

AFTER the nomination of Garfield at Chicago, in 1880, the Republican leaders were by no means certain of his election. The almost miraculous recovery of the Democratic party from the fatal blunder of nominating Horace Greeley at Baltimore, in 1872, alarmed them, and they, therefore, summoned all their resources to stem the tide of Democratic success in 1880. New York was the great pivotal State in the contest, and any lukewarmness or hesitation on the part of Roscoe Conkling meant certain defeat to the Republican nominee. Garfield and his friends, of whom Blaine was the most influential, knew that Conkling was not friendly to the Garfield faction, and the first thing to be done, therefore, after Garfield was nominated, was to secure the active support of Conkling. It is certain that Garfield made overtures to Conkling and assured him that, in the event of his (Garfield's) election, Conkling should be consulted as to the patronage of New York, and that no one objectionable to him would be appointed by the Chief Executive. Conkling's first impulse was to have no connection whatever with the Garfield campaign, but his adherents in New York were so anxious to obtain control of the Federal patronage in that State and to make Arthur Vice-President, that Conkling yielded to their solicitations and entered actively into the campaign for the Republican National ticket.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR

In no sense of the word was Roscoe Conkling a mercenary man. He was too proud to be corrupt; but ambition, that vice of noble minds, and the love of power, controlled his career, and he knew that the loss of New York to the Republicans meant absolute defeat to himself. The first act of Garfield, after his election, in the appointment of Blaine as Secretary of State, was a declaration of war against Conkling. No one knew this better than the New York Senator, and he prepared for the inevitable conflict. When Robertson's name, as Collector of the Port of New York, was sent to the Senate, Conkling's first attempt was to defeat his confirmation, and in order to do this it was necessary to obtain an adverse report from the Senate Committee on Commerce, of which Conkling was Chairman. On the threshold of the conflict Conkling found that his habitual disregard of the ordinary amenities and courtesies between members of the Senate had left him with but few friends and many enemies in that body. On the Commerce Committee he had but one supporter, and that was John P. Jones, of Nevada. Knowing that he would be defeated beyond question by a vote in the committee, Conkling refused to call the committee together, after one informal meeting, and the consequence was that a large amount of important public business accumulated in the committee-room, while Senators from all the States clamored for action upon measures in which they were interested pending before the committee. Although I, as a member of the committee, had signed a paper requesting the Chairman to call the committee together for the transaction of public business, I sympathized with Senator Conkling in his contest with the Garfield Administration. It was my belief that Conkling had been badly treated and that the Blaine influence had induced the President to disregard the assurances he had given Conkling before the election, and I did not propose to be a party to any Republican factional fight waged for the purpose of humiliating the New York Senator. I thought the public business should not be neglected and, therefore, signed the paper requesting a meeting of the committee—intending, however, when a vote was had by the committee, to vote against the confirmation of Robertson. Besides this, Conkling had stood by my colleague, General Cockrell, and myself in defeating the nomination of McNeil, of Missouri, to an important Federal office, and I was opposed to forcing upon the Senators from any State a nomination obnoxious to them.

W. W. EATON

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

Senator Conkling has been severely criticised by public men for having resigned his seat in the Senate, but it is very much to be doubted whether he could have retained his self-respect and done otherwise. When Robertson's name was sent to the Senate, Conkling had either to submit and surrender unconditionally to his inveterate enemy, James G. Blaine, or to defeat the confirmation. It was impossible that a man like Conkling should humiliate himself by unconditional surrender and remain in the Senate as a mere obstructionist without any power as a Senator. Finding that he could not defeat Robertson's nomination, he went with his colleague, Platt, and Vice-President Arthur to Albany, where the New York Legislature was in session, for the purpose of ascertaining whether a majority of the Legislature would stand by him in his fight with Garfield and Blaine. In the event that he found a majority at Albany in his favor he could then resign from the United States Senate and be reelected, which endorsement would make him omnipotent as a party leader in National politics.

When I went to the Yellowstone Park in company with President Arthur, in 1883, both the President and myself being guests of General Sheridan, President Arthur told me, in the only conversation I ever had with him on the subject, that when he, with Senators Conkling and Platt, visited Albany to find out the sentiment of the Legislature, many members of the Legislature expressed themselves favorable to Conkling, but after he and Platt had resigned, these members reversed their position and supported the Administration against the two Senators.

Shakespeare makes the death of Hector an assassination, and represents Achilles, who was sulking in his tent, as the assassin. Hector, according to the great poet, fatigued by the conflicts of the day, had taken off his armor, when Achilles, enraged by the death of his friend Patroclus at the hands of Hector, summoned his myrmidons and, finding the great Trojan unarmed and defenseless, butchered him and dragged his body around the walls of Troy. Roscoe Conkling disarmed himself by resigning from the Senate and then found the difference between Senator Conkling and Conkling the private citizen.

JAMES A. GARFIELD

In this conversation President Arthur spoke in the most affectionate terms of ex-Senator Conkling, and said that the great regret of his life was the estrangement which had been caused by what he (Arthur) considered to be his duty after Garfield had been assassinated and he was made President. He told me that when he tendered to Conkling the appointment of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court he received from him a formal declination, but that no other intercourse between them had ever occurred after Arthur had declined to remove Robertson from the Collectorship to which he had been appointed by Garfield. President Arthur said that when he assumed the Executive authority he was compelled to choose between personal friendship and public duty. The circumstances under which he became President and the certainty that his removal of Robertson would cause a breach that could not be closed in the Republican party of New York made him refuse to carry on the fight which had begun by Robertson's appointment, and in doing so he had destroyed his friendly relations with Conkling.

A Mystic Maze for Minnows

ONE of the constant problems of fishermen is bait. Dependence upon summer-resort announcements that bait is always kept on hand frequently brings disappointment, and the farmer's boy who knows where chubs, crayfish and "minnies" are to be found in abundance sometimes turns out to be a very fallible confederate. A satisfactory minnow net is not usually an easily-carried contrivance, nor is it readily improvised when most wanted.

To meet these wants, a lover of fishing has perfected a minnow trap which, when not in use, can be folded so as to occupy a very small space in the traveling outfit of an angler. The bottom of the trap is made of non-corroding sheet metal, while the sides and ends are glass. Ingeniously-constructed glass gates are provided, wide at the entrance but arranged on converging lines from their outer to the inner edges, where the walls seem almost to meet. A minnow passing unwittingly along this curiously-constructed channel is unable, when inside the trap, to find the narrow exit.

The device is virtually a mystic maze suspended under water. Fine holes in the bottom and ends permit the trap to be submerged readily and provide for the escape of water when the contrivance is lifted out. Bread-crumbs or other lures are used to trap the first minnows, and after they have entered, other small fry beholding them through the glass sides hasten also to enter the enclosure.

Some other inventions to facilitate the sport of fishing have been perfected recently. One is a fisherman's hatband made of a series of oblong corks, adapted to receive the points of hooks and flies, thus doing away with the necessity of carrying a fly-book. When the angler desires to fix a new hook on the line, he simply takes off his hat and from the circular array clinging to the band of corks readily makes a selection. The danger of losing flies in opening a book is avoided. A number of hooks can thus be carried.

J. S. WILLIAMS

THE CHRONICLES OF REM

A Berserk of the Northwest

By H. S. CANFIELD

IT TOOK HIM BACK TO THE OLD COUNTRY

THIRTY yards to the right of the trail the big grouse leaped on thundering wing. A bar of sunlight fell through the autumnal trees and in it was a glint of brown feathers; that was all we saw of the bird.

"Smarter'n a hardware drummer with a red necktie," Rem said, "and we'll get him yet."

So we turned off into the forest, taking the line of flight and searching the tops of pines, hemlocks and spruces. An inch carpet of leaves was under us and the sky was deep blue. Rem paused suddenly with ear bent and said, "He's running!" I thought that I could hear a faint patter myself, but I would not have sworn to it. We followed, walking swiftly and stealthily, and once more we heard the rolling beat of the wings, fifty yards in front this time. Rem stopped.

"Some of them birds has got too much sense for partridges," he said. "They had oughter be in the Leg'slatur' at Madison, and some of the Leg'slaturs had oughter be out here, huntin' seeds for a living."

He sat down composedly on a hillside green with moss and leaned his back against a maple. The warm sun fell about him, making tracery on the leaves. A chipmunk came within a yard, sat on his hunkers, twiddled his paws and looked at us brightly. The rat-tat of a sapsucker beat on the stillness much as the undertaker's man hammered the coffin while little David was listening. In front the Flambeau gurgled over its mimic rapids and flashed and sang. A cock-grouse, perhaps the one we had lost, sounded his drumming rataplan and the jar trembled through the forest.

"These woods are fine and homey now," Rem said, "but you want to see 'em in winter. The ground's white and the trees are white half way up, with snow sticking to 'em and the branches are white on top and green underneath. The rabbits are white and the deer get light-colored, and when you shut your eyes you see white. It's lonely then, so lonely that it gets in on a man and he feels like he's lost even by his own campfire. You get into the habit of talking out loud to yourself and it's so still you can hear the words going on twenty yards away. It's so still you can hear a fox bark two mile off, and when a wolf throws up his head and lets loose he sounds like he's just across the line of the next forty, and maybe he ain't within five mile. I know some men stay in the woods in winter by themselves, but I'm human and I don't want any of it in mine. You find a man that's trapped for five year with nobody to help him and you've got a man that mutters to himself when sitting around the stove with other men. Walk up behind him and say 'Wow!' and he'll jump two foot up and light facing you. I went into the pen'tentiary onst to see a old lumberjack locked up for trying to kill a man what needed killing. They had the no-talk system and the look on their faces was the look of men who live alone in the woods in wintertime.

"Men get half-crazy with lonesomeness in the lumber-camps, many of 'em. There's fifty to a hunderd of 'em in the sleep-shack or the grub-shack and they're always raising Cain and fixing to do the boss, but daytimes out among the big trees it's lonesome, though they saw and fall in pairs, sometimes four together. Men that work that way get to know each other from butt to top-cut and it's more'n an even chanst that they don't like each other. They get silent and look at each other acrost the tree, look into each other's eyes for hours whilst the saw goes backerds and forrerds, and they see deep down into one another, and sometimes they see things that ain't there. One of 'em jerks the saw a little rough and t'other sends it back hard, and it jumps and maybe twists a tooth. Then one of 'em says som'p'n and there's a tore-up place in the snow where they been getting at each other's throats.

"Lonesomeness acts dif'runt with dif'runt men. Sometimes a jack will do his work right along and laugh and talk. Then one night he walks up to the boss and says 'Gimme time!' and the boss says, 'What for?' and the jack says 'Blame you and your camp and your comp'ny! Gimme time!' and he gets it and walks out next morning with his kit on his back. Maybe it's forty mile to the railroad, but he hits the trail like a hawk hits a mudhen and he shouts as he goes. Sometimes one will leave his ax sticking in a pine and go out with nothing in his hands and only terbaccer in his clothes. Sometimes one will roll out of his blankets and sneak through the frost and moonlight, heading for a place where there's women and children, and he'll take an ax because the wolves are running. If the other jacks in the sleep-shack hear him they'll throw him and tie him maybe, but most times they don't hear him. They sleep sound; they'd sleep if a tree was falling on 'em.

"Onst, in a camp on Thornapple Crick that dumps into the North Fork ten mile above here, I see a man get lonesome good; I could see him now if I shet my eyes. It weren't a big camp. We had only forty jacks, a cook, a cookee and a chore-boy, but the pine was thick and we cal'lated to drive four million feet in the spring. Hard Rivers was boss, and he was as bad as his name—a black man with a hooked nose and a heavy jaw and no more idee of a joke than a mule. He was a good logger, all right; been at it twenty years. He knowed just what a man ought to do and he seen that he done it, but he was hard. The old jacks said he was a laughing man onst, but he got hit in the head with a limb and went sorter wrong under his hat, and then he got religion.

"He had a lot of rules that went like this: 'No swearing in camp.' 'No bad language here.' 'Do as the Lord says and no back-talk.' 'Lights out at 8 o'clock; no talking after lights out.' 'Man must be born again.' 'Strong drink is raging.' 'Cards are Devil-books.' 'No quarreling.' He printed these with a pine splinter on the under side of tar paper and stuck 'em about the shacks. Jim Daniels tore one down and Hard jumped on him with a club and like to have killed him. Runt McFeeley had a fiddle and he made him send it out by the tote-team.

"Now we wouldn't stayed with him, but he weren't so bad when we started in October. He got worse as he went along. In January he was awful, but he was paying top-wages and we didn't want to hustle out and look for jobs at that time of year. He fed good, too, so we made up our minds to stick it out till the drive reached big water and then whip him plenty as soon as we was paid off. That camp would get together and throw its supper in with both hands, sit around for a hour like folks at a funeral, then roll into the blankets and snore. There wouldn't be twenty words passed and Hard would be off by himself reading somebody's sermons, wagging his head and muttering. Sometimes he'd raise one finger up and shake it and we knowed there was a whole lot of us being sent down below that minute.

"There was a big Norwejun we all took to. He couldn't talk a word of our English, but could understand most of it and we had fun with him. He was the best natured jigger that ever drawed breath and he wouldn't hurt a fly. He was down on the books as Olaf Olafson, and he hadn't been in this country more'n two year.

"I remember the fust time I see him. He was standing in camp a little after daylight, leaning on the handle of his ax and waiting for his partner to come with the saw, and he was a fine lump of a man. Six feet two inches he stood, with a big barrel-chest on him, long arms, wide shoulders, slim waist and legs like posts. Not mor'n thirty years old, I guess, and a beard the color of gold fell over his breast. His skin was white and fine as a woman's, he had red cheeks, his hair was yellow and his eyes wide open, blue and mild like a gal-child's. He was whistling some kind of tune through his beard and seemed willing to stand there all day. There was no hurry about him; he was just good-nature. His partner come at last with the saw and Olaf grinned and slapped him on the back and they went off into the woods torrerds the cutting.

"The first month there weren't anything a lumberjack could do to make a man mis'ble we didn't do to him, and he laughed through it all. He seemed to take it as part of the game. We stole his ax and hid it and he lost half a day's time hunting for it; we put pine-burrs, mice and red squirrels in his bed; we put pebbles in his shoes; we hitched twine to his big toe at night and yanked him out, five men pulling; we put salt in his coffee and sugar on his meat; we give him orders from Hard to quit chopping and go to camp and help the chore-boy, to take a horse and go to town for a box of pasteboard helves, to sleep out by the stable to keep the wolves off the teams; we did a thousand things to him and he laughed. Now and then he got back at one of us and then he'd roll in the snow and shout. All through October and November and most of December he was just a big kid with corn-silk whiskers. We got tired of monkeying with a man what seemed to have as much fun as we did and we thought a heap of him.

"The day before Christmas the tote-wagon come out with supplies but no liquor. Olaf got a box two feet long by a foot wide. He had sent for it to Chicaggy and it was full of little blue, green, red and yellow candles. He set up a fir sapling in the sleep shack and put the candles in it and that night he lit every blasted one of 'em. He had little gifts for all the gang he worked with, pieces of terbaccer and cheap match-safes, wool socks and mitts and such things, and he give 'em out one by one, saying som'p'n in Norwejun. I guess he was used to doing it at home and felt like he had to keep it up out here. It took him back to the old country, because when we was in our bunks I saw him sitting by the stove, sometimes rubbing his hand acrost his eyes. He were just a kid.

"He helt up pretty well through Christmas week till after New Year's, but then there come a change in Olaf, just like there had come a change in the camp. I don't know as I can tell you what I mean, but his face got grayer and stiller. He did his work as good as ever, but he didn't laugh any more. He had no trouble with anybody and if one of the men joked him hard to wake him up he paid no 'tention. He had a awful tender heart in him. I remember, 'bout that time, he come in one night from work. The chore-boy had cut his hand, helping with a saw, and was holding it in a basin of water. The water was red. Olaf looked at it in passing, put his arm around the boy and then went dead white. He was sick and couldn't eat his supper.

"I got the first hint of what was in him deep down late in January. By then the camp had gone stark sollum and we was all cussing and praying for the spring when we could get our money and whip Hard, but Olaf was worse than any of us, never opening his head from daylight to dark, 'cept to put food into it. He was leaning again the wall of the sleep-shack one night holding a peavy. It slipped through his fingers and fell on his foot. It hurt some, particler as he was in his sock-feet. He didn't say nothing, but his upper lip curled and went back till every one of his sharp teeth showed clear to the gum. I seen wolves in traps throw back their lips that way when they're crazy with pain and mad, and it sorter hit me like a little blow. There was a savage shine in his eye, too, and he picked up the peavy and threw it through the door. He didn't look like Olaf at all, but like some man close kin to him. Next day, though, I see him grab a teamster and throw him into the bushes because he was mistreating a horse and I knowed his heart was right.

"If you never saw a man going to the bad from lonesomeness maybe I can't tell you about Olaf. A doctor here last year after muskellunge told me people from his country often get that way. He give it some doctor name, but it meant they was sick for home. Olaf got gray like I said and never let a sound out of him. He used to take a lot of care of his beard, combing it and prinking like a gal, but now he let it alone and it was rough and tangled; same way with his hair. He was a great hand for soap and cold water, but he let the soap alone and then the water, and the bark dust got grained into his skin. He weren't rosy any more and the men in the bunks next to him wanted to move out because he groaned and talked Norwejun in his sleep. This was twenty year ago and he was the only man of that country in the camp, so there weren't nobody he could tell his mis'ry to, even if he'd wanted to.

"The next thing we knowed he sorter come out of himself and had noisy fits. They lasted for ten minutes at a time. Then he'd sit on his side of the stove, away from everybody else and beller songs at the top of his voice, or laugh to

Editor's Note—This is the third of The Chronicles of Rem. The next will appear in an early number.

himself, or say things out loud We didn't heed him much, thinking that were a sign he were getting all right again Sometimes one of us spoke to him and said som'p'n meant to be kind, but he never answered He had one old letter that he got before he come to the camp at all and he used to read this over and over. He'd read it for a hour. Somehow I didn't b'lieve this was from a gal, I thought it was from his mother, maybe, and I guess it were

Olaf's sawing partner quit him. He was Big 'Lije Peabody, a Maine man. He says

"'I can stand for most anything, but not for that Norwejun. He says never a word in the woods and he looks at me acrost the tree all day and he don't move his eyes. Every minute I think he's going to drop his end of the saw and come at me I'd have him to kill in another week, and I quit him now.'

"Black Ike Mann took him on. Black Ike was one of the worst what ever come into the woods. He's dead now, pinched atween the logs in the Wanegan jam. He had a jaw like a hog's and eyes like a hog's and no nerves at all, a block of a man, a hog of a man, strong as a bull and a beaut'ful fighter. Ike says

"'He's a great sawyer and willing I'll take him. If he can look any harder'n me he can have my kossoo and all in it'

"At the end of the week Ike says

"'The Weejy and me's getting along fine I don't see nothing in his eyes, cept he's sorter sorry he's alive. This camp s enough to make anybody sorry he's alive'

"Sunday at dinner Olaf, sitting acrost from Black Ike, looked at him hard for a minute as if he was trying to understand som'p'n. Then he grabbed a tray of bread and threw it at him. His knife and fork followed, and he shied a plate then he jumped and h'isted his chair, when the man next him knocked his legs from under him and he went to the floor Four piled on him and held him down and Ike run around to take a kick at him but we stopped him. When Olaf come up his face was drawed down to one side like he had palsy. He didn't say a word, but walked out into the woods. Ike was breathing hard with white spots around his nose. Next morning Olaf picked up his ax and waited for him to start to the woods, but Ike went with a man named Scott. Manny Davids, an old steady jack, went with Olaf

"Davids quit him in a week and Tryg Bull tried him. Bull quit him and Aleck Aiken tried him. Aleck quit him, and Jim Dennis tried him Dennis quit him It weren't that he offered to do anything to 'em. It was what he didn't do that hurt. He just looked at 'em all day when they were sawing and if they were chopping he'd stop a second every time his ax went in and take a look. Hard put him to chunning, where he didn't need any partner. He worked at it one day and the next morning shouldered his ax and started into the woods to do chopping. Hard says to him

'Come back, you Swede dog! You're a chainer!' Olaf looked at him and his big yellow head begin to go from side to side. He never said a word Hard says

"'Come into the shack and take your time! You want to hit the road from here to Ftheld'

"Olaf took two long steps and the ax on his shoulder come up a foot Hard hopped behind two jacks and dodged into the shack. He'll be clost to death some night when his fingers are picking at the blanket, but not closter than he was then

Olaf went into the woods by himself and worked a hundred yards away from any pair. He knowed a good tree when he saw it and he swung his ax hard The men heard him cry 'Fall!' just before a big pine went down and then the crash of the tree. 'Fall!' was 'bout the only English word he had. This went on for a week. He was doing pretty near as much work as any two men in camp—he was a wonder with a ax—Rivers saw what he was doing and didn't complain. Keylog Brown says to him at supper

"'Olaf Olafson, half brother to Sigurd Sigurdson and full sister to Ole Oleson, it's bad nobody won't work with you *I'll* work with you. *I'm* Keylog Brown, you know, the man what cut the jam at Barnaby Rapids five years ago, and I never saw nothing I was afeard of You look at me along the saw and I'll look at you, and we'll just rip into that timber.'

"This Keylog Brown was a little square man, but strong and handy. He was the best timber-driver along the Flambeau; when he had his caulks on he'd make a log spin in the water I see him onst walk a hard 1 down two flights of steps; and, like he said, he weren't afeard Olaf squinted at him and grinned, the fust grin in a month and nodded his head, so they made it up atween em They went out each morning, Brown chittering all sorts of talk, chittering and quirking like a squirrel—he was great on talk—and the big Norwejun saying nothing, but listening with a pleased look on his gray face. They come in at night loving as twins and Brown told how many trees they'd falled, and Olaf looked to see if anybody said tweren't so

"I was working three mile above camp near to the crick; my partner was Jack Saunders, a good man good axman good sawyer and good filer. Three other crews was falling within sight. To us at ten in the morning Keylog come running, and he staggered as he run His cap was off and his hair was bloody. There was a big cut on the shoulder of his Mackinaw, and blood run from it. His mouth was open and he just says 'Olaf' sorter choking, and fell down. We threw snow in his face and down his throat till he set up and then we went together. You wanter know that every man had his ax, for we glimpsed the matter right away Brown's cutting was a half-mile south and long before we got there we heard singing—not singing like you hear in good camps round the stove at night, but wild singing—sometimes singing, sometimes yelling and not much human in the voice

"There, in the middle of a little clearing, on snow that was frozen hard, was Olaf His Mackinaw was off; his shirt was off; he was naked to the waist, his yellow hair stood out, blood was on his beard from a spit up and bloody froth was at the corners of his mouth; his eyes burned like torches he was swinging his ax and singing swinging it with one hand, like a feather. It was a big two-edged Wayne ax and it was bloody. He seen us and run a dozen steps torrerds us, still shouting and singing. Then he put his back again a big pine and the ax spun. It was bright sunlight on the snow and the steel of it made circles of fire. 'Aoie!' he yelled, just like this, 'Aoie, Olafson!'"

It was passing strange to hear Rem in the quiet autumn forest give the battle call which rang over the slippery decks of the locked long ships reeling on the swan's bath ten centuries ago, and he did not know that it was the berserk cry.

Now, I seen some queer sights in the woods, but nothing like that, for this man was a giant and half-naked, and the cold was twenty below, and there was snow and sunshine all around, and he was bloody and crazy. He could break an ax-helve atween his fists when he was at himself, and when he was crazy he could pull a man's head off like it was nuts We stopped for a minute while his ax swung and we called to him, but he didn't hear, and then we spread out and went at him from three sides to onst. The fust man in was Black Ike. He went straight in and hit at Olaf with all his might

His foot slipped as he struck, and his ax went into the tree over Olaf's head. He fell forrerds and flung his arms round the Norwejun's waist. Olaf brought his arm down hard but missed because his reach was too long, and afore he could raise it Tryg Bull hit him with the helve just back of the blade and he went on top of Ike. We jumped him all of us, and then there were a fight I don't recollect much of. I remember he got to his knees and sent two of us whirling, for he was stronger'n five men, but we got him down again and when Bull's knee was on his throat he begin to cough

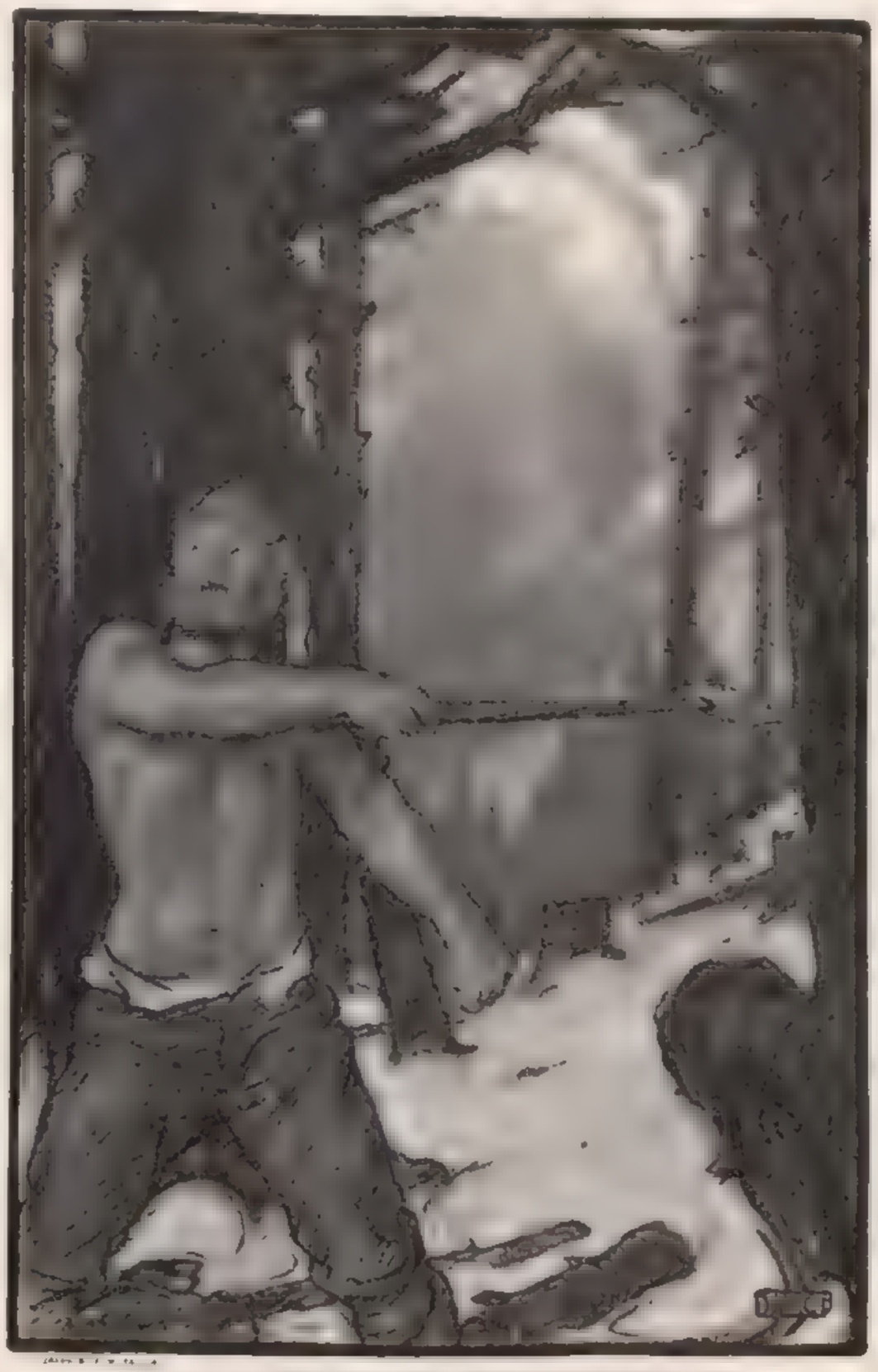
"We tied him then—tied his legs together at the knees and ankles; turned him over on his belly and tied his hands behind his back turned him over again and put snow in his mouth, for his tongue was white and furry, and wrapped him in Mackinaws. He never made a sound, and what do you s'pose happed then? By cripes! he went to sleep—his face a gal-child's face again

Somebody went to camp for a wagon and we hauled him to the shacks. Hard looked at him and says

"'Haul the brute to town! I'm done with him'

I says: 'Gimme his time!' and he give me the check We hauled him twenty miles and he never woke. He slept all night, arms and legs tied, and in the morning he come to. His eyes was glazed and muddy, but he smiled and we knowed he was right. He cashed his time-check at Lessard's barroom and bought drinks. Then he tied a towel round his head and got on the train The last I see of him he were standing on the platform, waving both hands, a fine lump of a man

"I never heard where he went to, but I know. Sure he went back to his own country; he couldn't stand it anywheres else



"HE WAS SWINGING HIS AX AND SINGING, SWINGING IT WITH ONE HAND LIKE A FEATHER"

The Nature Lovers

JOHN BURROUGHS, the naturalist, especially since he fell afoul of the other nature authors with the charge that they have been making their animals do things that well-conducted animals don't do, is in receipt of many letters from people all over the country. A good proportion of these correspondents plead for information of a more or less fearful and wonderful kind

One of the latter description received the other day was from a young lady in Brooklyn, evidently a new but enthusiastic student of nature. "Dear Mr. Burroughs," she wrote,

I have read all of your nature books, and some others, and I think them just lovely. Of course, you know all about every kind of animal, and I want to ask you a question. Every winter I read in the newspapers about the ground hog coming out of his hole and being frightened at his shadow. Now, why is he afraid of his shadow more than other animals? And what does the poor little creature do later in the season when he must see his shadow almost every day?

The President's Daughter

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Copyright, 1903, by The Curtis Publishing Company. [illegible] Britain

"COMING DOWN TO SHOW US HOW TO DO BUSINESS"

CHAPTER IX

FOR three months Glover worked night and day on his rebuilding estimates, and after spending a last day on the Wind River Branch boarded Number One for headquarters with his final figures in his pockets. He worked until the last minute at the agent's desk in Wind River station and took the train at midnight. It pulled into Medicine Bend in the rain at half-past two o'clock. The night had been spoiled for rest and the mountain engineer walked up to his office in the Wickiup to work until morning. He lighted his lamp, opened his desk with a clang that echoed down to the last dark corner of the zigzag hall and, spreading out his papers, resumed the figuring he had left off at Wind River station. But the combinations that at eleven o'clock had gone fast, refused now to work and his calculations dissolved helplessly into a mere jumble of figures.

He got up, restless, walked through the superintendent's room and stumbled unwittingly on the tragedy of the night.

It came about through an ambition in its-If honorable—the ambition of Bud Cawkins to become a dispatcher.

Bud began railroading on the Wind River. In three months he was made an agent, in six months he had become an expert in station work, an operator after a dispatcher's own heart and the life of the line; then he began looking for trouble. It took shape first in the conviction that the main-line business was not handled as well as it ought to be. Had Bud confided this to an agent of experience there would have been no trouble. He would have been told that every agent on every branch in the world sooner or later has the same trouble; that he need only to let it alone, eat sparingly of brain food and the clot would pass unnoticed.

Unfortunately Bud concealed his difficulty and asked Morris Blood to give him a chance at the Wickiup. The first time Morris Blood only growled; the second time he looked at the handsome boy disapprovingly.

"Want to be a dispatcher, do you? What's the matter with you? Been reading railroad stories? I'll fire any man on my division that reads railroad stories. Don't be a chump. You're in line now for the best station on the division."

But compliments only fanned Bud's flame and Morris Blood, after a reasonable effort to save the boy's life, turned him over to Martin Duffy.

Now of all severe men on the West End, Duffy is most [illegible]ng; his smile is sickly, his hair dry and his laugh soft.

Dispatcher, eh? Ha, ha, ha; I see, Bud. Coming down to show us how to do business. Oh, no. I understand; that is all right. It is what brought me here, Bud, when I was about your age and good for something. Well, it *is* a snap. There is nothing in the railroad life equal to a dispatcher's trick. If you should make a mistake and get two trains together they will only fire you. If you happen to kill a few people they *can't* make anything more than manslaughter out of it—I know that, because I've seen them try to hang a dispatcher for a passenger wreck—they can't do it, Bud, don't ever believe it. In this State ten years is the extreme limit for manslaughter, and the only complication is that if your train should happen to burn up they might soak you an extra ten years for arson; but a dispatcher is generally handy around a penitentiary and can get light work in the office, so that he's thrown more with wife-poisoners and embezzlers than with cut-throats and hold-up men. Then, too, you can earn nearly as much as at your trick. A dispatcher's salary is high, you know—seventy-five, eighty and even a hundred a month.

"Of course, there's an unpleasant side of it. I don't want to seem to draw it too rosy. I imagine you've heard Blackburn's story, haven't you—the lap order at Rosebud? I helped carry Blackburn out of that room," Duffy pointed very coldly toward Morris Blood's door, "the morning we put him in his coffin. But a death like that is better than going to the insane asylum, isn't it? A short trick and a merry one, my boy, for a dispatcher, say I; hang an insane asylum."

It calmed Budweiser, as the boys began to call him, for a time only. He renewed his application and was finally relieved of his comfortable station and ordered into the Wickiup as dispatcher's assistant.

For a time every dream was realized—the work was put on him by degrees, things ran smoothly and his dispatcher, Garry O'Neill, soon reported him all right. A month later Bud was notified that a dispatcher's trick would shortly be assigned to him, and to the boys from the branch who asked after him he sent word that in a few days he would be showing them on the main line how to do business.

The chance came even sooner. O'Neill went hunting the following day, overslept, came down without supper and could not get a quiet minute till long after midnight. Heavy stock trains crowded down over the short line. The main line, in addition to the regular traffic, had been pounded all night with Government stores and ammunition, westbound. From the coast a passenger special, looked for in the afternoon, had just come into the division at Bear Dance. Garry laid out his sheet with the precision of a campaigner, provided for everything, and at three o'clock gave Bud a transfer and ran down to get a cup of coffee. Bud sat into the chair for the first time with the responsibility of a full-fledged dispatcher.

For five minutes no business confronted him; then from the extreme end of his territory Cambridge station called for orders for an extra, fast freight, west, Engine 81, and Bud wrote his first train order. He ordered Extra 81 to meet Number 50, a local and accommodation, at Sumter and signed Morris Blood's initials with a flourish. When the trains had gone he looked over his sheet calmly until he noticed with fainting horror that he had forgotten Special 833, east, on a very fast schedule, headed for Cambridge with no orders about Extra 81. Special 833 was the passenger train from the coast.

The sheet swam and the yellow lamp at his elbow turned green and black. The door of the operator's room opened with a bang. Bud, trembling, hoped it might be O'Neill and staggered to the archway. It was only Glover, but Glover saw the boy's face. "What's the matter?"

Bud looked back into the room he was leaving. Glover stepped through the railing gate and caught him by the shoulder. "What's the matter, my lad?"

He shook and questioned, but from the dazed operator he could get only one word, "O'Neill," and stepping to the hall door Glover called out "O'Neill!"

It has been said that Glover's voice would carry from side to side of the Medicine Bend yard in a mountain storm. That night the last rafter in the Wickiup gables rang with his cry, and O'Neill came bounding up the long stairs three steps at a time.

"Look to your train sheet, Garry," said Glover peremptorily. "This boy is scared to death. There's trouble somewhere."

He supported the operator to a chair and O'Neill ran to the inner room. The moment his eye covered the order-book he saw what had happened. "Extra 81 is against a passenger special," exclaimed O'Neill huskily, seizing the key. "There's the order—Extra 81 from Cambridge to meet Number 50 at Sumter and Special 833 has orders to Cambridge, and nothing against Extra 81. If I can't catch the freight at Red Desert we're in for it—wake up Morris Blood quick; he's in there asleep."

Blood, working late in his office, had rolled himself in a blanket on the lounge in Callahan's old room, and unfortunately Morris Blood was the soundest sleeper on the division. Glover called him, shook him, caught him by the arm, lifted him to a sitting position, talked anxiously to him—he knew what resource and power lay under the thick curling hair if he could only shake the tired man from his dreamless sleep. Even Blood's own efforts to rouse himself were almost at once apparent. His eyes opened, glared helplessly, sank back and closed in stupor. Glover grew desperate, and lifting Morris to his feet dragged him across the room.

O'Neill, rattling the key, was looking on from the table like a drowning man. "Leave your key and steady him here against the door-jamb, Garry," cried Glover. "I'll wake him." He sprang to the big water-cooler, cast away the top, seized the tank like a bucket and dashed the tankful of ice-water into Morris Blood's face.

"What's the matter? Who is this? Glover? What? Give me a towel, somebody."

The spell was broken. Glover explained, O'Neill ran back to the key and Blood in another moment bent, dripping, over the nervous dispatcher.

His mind, working faster now than the magic current before him, listened, cast up, recollected, considered, decided for and against every chance. At that moment Red Desert answered. No breath interrupted the faint clicks that reported on Extra 81. O'Neill looked up in agony as the sounder spelled the words. "Extra 81 went by at 3:05." The superintendent and the dispatcher looked at the clock; it read 3:09.

O'Neill clutched the order-book, but Glover looked at Morris Blood. With the water trickling from his hair down his wrinkled face, beading his mustache and dripping from his chin, he stood, haggard from lack of sleep, leaning over O'Neill's shoulder. A towel stuffed into his left hand was clasped, forgotten, at his waist. From the east room, operators, their instruments silenced, were tiptoeing into the archway. Above the little group at the table the clock ticked. O'Neill in a frenzy half rose out of his chair, but Morris Blood, putting his hand on the dispatcher's shoulder, forced him back.

"They're gone," cried the frantic man, "let me out of here."

"No, Garry."

"They're gone."

"Not yet, Garry. Try Fort Rucker for the Special."

"There's no night man at Fort Rucker."

"But Burling, the day man, sleeps upstairs——"

"He goes up to Bear Dance to lodge."

"This isn't lodge night," said Blood.

"How can you get him upstairs anyway?" trembled O'Neill.

"On cold nights he sleeps downstairs by the ticket-office stove. I spent a night with him once and slept on his cot.

"I'M WELL-MENDED, THANK YOU. DO I LOOK LIKE AN INVALID?"

If he is in the ticket-office you may be able to wake him—he may be awake. The Special can't pass there for ten minutes yet. Don't stare at me. Call Rucker, hard.'

O'Neill seized the key and tried to sound the Rucker call. Again and again he attempted it and sent wild. The man that could hold a hundred trains in his head without a slip for eight hours at a stretch sat distracted

"Let me help you, Garry," suggested Blood in an undertone. The dispatcher turned shaking from his chair and his superintendent slipped behind him into it. His crippled right hand glided instantly over the key and the Rucker call even, sharp and compelling, followed by the quick, clear nineteen—the call that gags and binds the whole division the dispatchers' call—clicked from his fingers.

Persistently and with unfailing patience, the men hovering at his back, Blood drummed at the key for the slender chance that remained of stopping the passenger train. The trial became one of endurance, of torture. Like an incantation the call rang through the anxious silence of the room until it racked the listeners, but the man at the key, quietly wiping his face and head and with the towel in his left hand mopping out his collar, never faltered, never broke, minute after minute until, after a score of fruitless waits, an answer broke his sending with the "I, I—Rucker'

As the reply flew from his fingers Morris Blood's eyes darted to the clock; it was 3.17. "Stop Special 833, east, quick.'

You've got them?' asked Glover from the counter

"If they're not by,' muttered Blood

"Red light out," reported Rucker; then three dreadful minutes and it came Special 833 taking water; O'Brien wants orders."

And the order went, "Siding quick and meet Extra 81, west, at Rucker."

The superintendent rose from the chair "It's all over, boys," said he, turning to the operators. "Remember, no man ever got to a railroad presidency by talking many men have, by keeping their mouths shut. Lay Cawkins on the lounge in my room. Duffy said that boy would never do '

"What was Burling doing, Morris?" asked Glover, sitting down by the stove

'Ask him, Garry," suggested Blood. They waited for the answer

'Were you asleep on your cot?" asked the dispatcher, getting Rucker again

"If that fellow woke up on my call I'll make a dispatcher of him," declared Morris Blood with a thrill of fine pride

'No,' answered Rucker. "I slept upstairs to-night.'

The two men at the stove stared at one another. "How did you hear your call?" asked the dispatcher.

And Rucker answered: "I always come down once in the night to put coal on the fire."

Another illusion destroyed smiled Morris Blood. "I'll promote him, anyway, for attending to his fire

But you couldn't do that again in a thousand years, Mr. Blood," declared a young operator who had helped to lay out poor Bud Cawkins

The mountain man looked at him coldly. "I sha'n't want to do that again in a thousand years In the railroad life it always comes different, my son '

I'm glad we got that particular train," he added, turning to Glover when they were alone

'What is it?"

"The Brock special. You didn't know it? We've been looking for them two days '

CHAPTER V

THE sudden appearance of Mr. Brock at any time and at any place where he had interests would surprise only those that did not know him. On the coast the party had broken up, Louise Donner going into Colorado with friends and Harrison returning to Pittsburg. Mr. Brock wired Bucks to meet him at Bear Dance for the return trip, and the General Manager particularly wished his backer to see the Crab Valley dam and irrigation canal before leaving the mountain country. The trip to the canal was by stage and the ladies had been asked to go.

When the head horses dipped over the easy divide flanking the line of the canal on the south and the brake closed on the lumbering wheels, the visitors were surprised to discover almost at their feet a swarming army of men and horses scraping in the dusty bed of a long cut

As the stage lurched carefully along the scraper ways of the yellow bed, shovelers, drivers and water-boys looked curiously at the unusual sight, and patient mules nosed meekly the alert, nervous stage horses. Runs of portable car track obstructed the path at intervals, and crossings, which the uneasy horses took gingerly, were improvised

At the lower end of the cut a pocket of gravel on the eastern bank had slipped, engulfing a steam shovel. On a level overlooking the scene stood two engineers in corduroy jackets and broad hats. At times one of them gave directions to a foreman, whose gang was digging the shovel out His companion, perceiving the approach of the stage, signaled the driver sharply and the leaders were swung to the right

Bucks first recognized the taller of the two men. 'There's Glover," he exclaimed. "Hello!" he called across the canal bed. "I didn't look for you here." Glover lifted his hat and walked over to the stage

'I came up last night to see Ed. Smith about running his flume under Horse Creek bridge. They cross us, you know, in the cañon there," said he in his slow, steady way

"Glad you couldn't get away. We want to see Ed Smith' returned Bucks, getting down. On top of the stage Doctor Lanning was trying to persuade Gertrude not to alight; but she insisted

"Mr. Glover will help me I am sure," she said, looking directly at the evading Glover who was absorbed in his talk with her sister. "I should advise you not to get down, Miss Brock," said he, unable to ignore her request. "You will sink into this dusty clay——"

"I don't mind that, but unless you will give me your hand," she interrupted, putting her boot on the footrest to descend, "I shall certainly break my neck ' When he promptly advanced she took both of his offered hands and with a laugh at her own recklessness dropped lightly beside him. "May I go over where you stood?"

"I shouldn't," he ventured.

"But I can't see what they are doing." She walked capriciously ahead. "Why shouldn't you?" she asked

'It isn't safe '

THE TRIAL BECAME ONE OF ENDURANCE, OF TORTURE

"Then why did you stand there?"

"What would be safe for me might be very dangerous for you

She looked full at him. "How truly you speak." Yet she did not stop, though at each step her feet sunk alarmingly in the loosened soil

"Pray don't go farther," said Glover.

"I want to see the men digging."

Then won't you come this way?"

"But may I not walk over to that car?"

'This way is more passable."

"Then tell me, Mr. Glover, why did you make the driver turn away from that side?"

"You have good eyes, Miss Brock "

"Pray what is the matter with that man lying behind the car?"

Glover looked fairly at her. "A shoveler was hurt when the gravel slipped a few minutes ago. When the warning came he did not understand and got caught."

Oh let us get Doctor Lanning, something can be done for him

'No. It is too late

Horror checked her 'Dead?

'Yes. I did not want you to know this. Your sister is easily shocked—— '

She paused a moment "You are very thoughtful of Marie Have you a sister?

'I haven't. Why do you ask?"

"Who taught you thoughtfulness?" He stood disconcerted. "I find consideration common among Western men—our men don't have it Ah, that poor shoveler. Isn't it horrible to die so? Did every one else escape?"

Every one

'Thank Heaven!"

"They are ready to start, I think," he suggested.

Oh, are they?'

You are coming to see us?' called Marie, leaning over while Glover paused behind her sister as they had reached the stage. He stood with his hat in his hand and the dazzling sun made copper of the swarthy brown of his lower face and brought out the white of his forehead where the hair crisped wet in the heat of the morning. Gertrude Brock, after she had been seated, looked down while he talked, looked at his long, bony hand as it clung to the window-strap—the hand of the most audacious man she had ever met in her life

But she had told no one of Glover's proposal—least of all the young man that had asked her before she left Pittsburg, to marry him and was now writing her every other day—Allen Harrison. Indeed, what could be more ridiculously embarrassing than to be assailed so unexpectedly?

Marie was still talking to Glover. "Why haven't you heard? I thought sister would have told you. The doctor says I gained faster here than anywhere and we are all to spend six weeks up at Glen Tarn Springs. Papa is going East and coming back after us, and we shall expect you to come to the Springs very often."

The stage was starting. Gertrude faced backward as she sat She could see Glover's salutation, and she lifted a glove and nodded at him. He was as confused as she could desire

About Glen Tarn, now quite the best known of the Northern mountain resorts, there is no month like October; no sun like the October sun and no frost like the first that stills the aspen

Starting from the big hotel in a new direction every day, the Pittsburgers explored the valleys and the cañons and Mount Pilot, itself rising loftily to the north. From its sides every peak in the range may be seen

For a novelty the whole party sometimes went down to Medicine Bend on a shopping expedition At times Gertrude and Mrs Whitney went together to the headquarters town—Gertrude expecting always to encounter Glover. When a long time had passed, her failure to get a glimpse of him piqued her. One day, with her aunt, going down they met Conductor O'Brien. He was more than ready to answer questions. Mrs. Whitney remarked they hadn't seen Mr. Glover for some time

"No one has seen much of him for two weeks; he had a little bad luck."

[illegible]

"Three weeks ago he was up at Crab Valley. They had a cave-in on the irrigation canal and two or three men got caught under a coal platform near the steam shovel. Glover got his back under the timbers until they could get the men out and broke two of his ribs."

Their return train that day was several hours behind time and Gertrude and her aunt were compelled to go up late to the American House for supper. They were sitting at their dessert when a late comer entered the room. Gertrude touched her aunt's arm—Glover was passing

Mrs. Whitney's first impulse was to halt the silent engineer with one of her imperative words, but she contented herself with a whisper. "He doesn't see us."

At the lower end of the room Glover sat down, shifted his knife and his fork and his glass of water, spread his limp napkin across his lap and, resting his elbow on the table, supported his head on his hand.

Hotel surroundings had never looked so bare to Gertrude. A sense of the loneliness of the shabby furnishings filled

(Continued on Page 20

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

¶ When we notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once, in order not to miss a number, using the special blank inclosed for that purpose. New subscriptions which are received by us on, or before, Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of the next week following. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal, bankers' or express money orders. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Belief in defeat has defeated many men.

¶ The hungry man and the man in love hustle.

¶ Pluck is the candle that lights up a dark future.

¶ A sensible girl dislikes being taken for an angel

¶ Some poets would rather write than be President

¶ The worst spendthrift is the man who wastes time

¶ Our love of outdoor life is hereditary; Adam was a gardener

¶ Gossip may sometimes tell the truth, but it seldom gets caught at it.

¶ A success seems larger when a failure is used for the measuring-stick.

¶ The girl who has mastered the piano will find no difficulty with a man.

¶ Failure is a person who used to hang out a sign, "Will be back in ten minutes."

¶ In the matter of achieving success consistency is a paste jewel compared with persistency.

¶ There are girls who cannot talk learnedly about marriage, and yet get husbands easily enough.

The Porch Climbers

"I AM having my Annie taught to sing to the guitar," said the anxious mother of a débutante the other day. "There's nothing helps a girl more in porch society."

Have our readers ever considered what a stupendous, unnatural thing "porch society" is in this country just now?

From early June until October, American cities and towns empty their populations into the country, and on every seabeach, valley and hilltop are set shelters for them. Hotels, boarding-houses, cottages—there they are by the million, and every one of them is banded by porches, and on the porches are countless rocking-chairs, in which sit women swinging and talking all day long. They have left their actual duties and work behind them; life is made up for them of rocking and talking. The brain reels at the thought of the amount of rocking and talking that is going on at this moment from sea to sea. We venture to say that all the preaching in all the churches in the country does not affect the moral life of Americans more than does the flood of talk of "porch society" which flows on from spring until fall

Each woman knows whether she drops poison or healing into it. That is her business, not ours

The man who undertakes to write the history of this country during the last century will no doubt spend his time on its wars, discoveries and treaties; but there are certain unnoted events which silently change a nation's character more than these outside incidents. The ordinary historian is dumb about them

No war or discovery of science, for instance, has probably affected the life of our people as much as this yearly outpouring of the towns into the country

The whole movement was only the natural reaction against the strain and overwork of our national life. The man struggling to be rich, who puts twenty hours' work into ten, hurries as naturally to the woods or seabeach as his boy, forced to cram the rudiments of a dozen sciences into four short years, turns to football or rowing. Our fathers, who in their youth ambled leisurely through Horace and Homer, with a refreshing nibble now and then of Belles-Lettres, played no college games. They needed none. When they married they abode quietly in the same house through December and July. They did not need a cottage on the Maine coast or a scamper through Devon to keep them sane and fit for next year's work

Some of the effects of this wholesale migration from town to country have been damaging enough. Home life does not count for so much to Americans as it once did. Such of us as have money have a house in town for the winter, a cottage in Florida for spring, a palace on the coast for summer, but we have no home anywhere

The invasion, too, of the summer boarder into farms and villages gave to their inhabitants an appetite for town ways and town work. Country boys and girls, in their turn, invaded the cities. They are there—millions of them at work, living in boarding-houses, mad with the craze to "get on," to be rich. Marriage, home and children have no temptations for them

There are good results, too. Nature has become more significant and dear to us as a people. The keen eyes and hungry brain of the townsman saw meanings in her face to which the ploughman plodding his weary way had been blind Our children have text-books on birds and animals and plants, to widen creation for them.

Best result of all—the yearly mingling of classes has made us a more homogeneous people. There is no better moral agent than the friction between man and man.

It can be as immoral an agent, no doubt. Which it is, depends on the individual man or woman

The Weather

FOR more than a year Nature has been having a wild fling at the expense of man—earthquake and eruption, flood and drought and fire, cold in summer and warmth in winter. At a time when man has been peculiarly set up over his power over her forces, she has given him a sardonic demonstration of his feebleness.

"There has always been a great deal of talk about the weather," says Mark Twain, "yet nothing is sure" But the scientists are at work, and maybe something will be sure. The creature that a few æons ago fled in feebleness through the trees from its worst enemy, the snake, has gone far since then; it will go still farther. It may not be able to compel the sun to turn away those huge holes in its surface that make Mother Earth so hysterical as she looks into them; but it may find a way to tame that hysteria to the driving of engine-wheels and the irrigation of deserts and the drying up of swamps and morasses—who knows?

The Terrors of Science

IT IS a serious question how the civilized person of the future is going to pick his way in safety among the traps set for him by science. We are just at the beginning of the electric age. We are running our street cars by electricity and making some use of electric lights, but most of our houses are still lighted by gas; we do our cooking and heating with coal, and we run our railroads and almost all our factories by steam. Before many years all this work will undoubtedly be done by electricity. The distracted earth will be quivering with the mighty currents pumped into it by every waterfall and coal mine. But even now it is becoming hazardous to exist in the presence of the forces that are already loose among us.

The other day four people and a horse, at Pittsburg, were killed by stepping into a puddle of water that had been charged with electricity by a broken electric-light wire. Nobody acquainted with modern conditions thinks of leaning against an iron trolley-pole Even children know enough to dodge a broken wire. But you never can tell from what direction the danger is coming. You may be careful not to step on a third rail, but how can you tell when a short circuit is going to catch you as you enter a street car? A crossed wire may load you with a few hundred volts when you pick up your telephone receiver or move your drop light. You may even be nailed when you sit in your easy chair and put your feet on the fender. Your water-pipes may carry a deadly electric charge and your demure iron gate may be waiting to murder you when you put your hand on its latch

And now, not content with charging the earth and the water, they are going to send electric power without wires through the air. If you go out in a shower of rain, every drop may be loaded with electricity. Electric currents have been carried by the stream from a hose; so why should they not come down in the rain? It will be equally dangerous to go out-of-doors and to stay in the house

Perhaps the scientific men are turning loose a genie they would be glad a little later to put back into his bottle if they could. Possibly before they begin setting many more million volts of electricity adrift it may be worth their while to try to find some way of enabling us to live with those we have

The Best Business of All

AT BEST, statistics are little more than the implements of legerdemain. And in this matter of the much-noised "divorce evil" the statistics are so glaringly incomplete that only the most incorrigible calamity-croakers venture to generalize from them. But admit the worst and there still remains the fact that the root of whatever evil there is lies in the attitude of so many toward marriage and not in laxity of opinion about divorce.

It is difficult to decide which is the guiltier, the wife who looks on a husband as a means of support in idleness or the husband who encourages or permits his wife to be the mistress of a "doll's house." "It is not good for man to be alone"; but it is far better than for him to add to his own normal burdens the dead weight of an incompetent and idle wife. And the husband who thinks to show love for his wife by bearing all her burdens for her could not do so ill by her if he hated her. Marriage is, first of all, a business—the highest and noblest of all businesses, capable of being conducted by the most exalted means to the most splendid ends but still a business Opinions may differ as to whether or not it needs a bankruptcy law and a bankruptcy court. But about the main central fact opinions cannot differ.

A Political Jack-o'-Lantern

THE intense and unceasing interest of European peoples in their domestic and foreign politics is in sharp contrast to the languid and intermittent interest of most Americans And there are reasons for it other than the explanation always offered by our pessimists

In the first place, all European peoples pay heavy direct taxes; American taxes, though heavier than European, are for the most part indirect. This American system of indirect taxation excites the envy of every extravagant politician in Europe—under it he could get ten times as much from the people and would not be asked unpleasant questions, would not be watched sharply as he is now and as our public officials are not. In the second place, all the European Governments are real Governments, pressing on the people and forever threatening to take away the rights so dearly wrenched from rulers in centuries of blood and travail; our Government is merely an administration, though our uppish politicians are always struggling to erect themselves into rulers.

Finally, foreign nations menace every European people just across an imaginary boundary-line, while we are free from foreign menace, free even to menace foreigners without endangering them or ourselves. And this freedom of ours is a comfortable fact, although every now and then some politician, through bumptiousness, "big-eye," or at the bidding of the dealers in naval or military supplies, hollows a pumpkin, cuts wild eyes and jagged fangs in the shell, puts a candle in it and sets it on the highways to scare us

But we don't scare. We know the value of our two oceans, and we jog peacefully on our way

Titillating the Eagle

EUROPEAN princes and potentates are rubbing noses and back-scratching in the friendliest, most democratic fashion in the world with such of the American people as can afford to visit Europe in royal luxury and get themselves admitted to royal inclosures. The object of these condescensions to our tickled fellow-countrymen is to improve the relations existing between sundry European monarchies and the American people

A worthy object, as is any which has at bottom the increase of peace on honorable terms. But the princes and potentates aforesaid are wasting themselves in misdirected effort. They assume that these American beneficiaries of theirs have "rank" at home as similarly fortuned Europeans would have in their countries. The reverse is the case, and all that Americans at home think of these favors to their countrymen abroad is that so many more once worthy democrats are being proselyted into monarchical sympathies

The only place to court the American people is in their own home. And the way to court them is by an honest *quid pro quo*, not by a gracious smile to dazzle the eyes while an eager hand reaches for the purse-pocket

AS OTHERS SEE US

The English View of Dollars and Democracy

By David Graham Phillips

AN ATTACHÉ of one of the Continental Embassies at London was dining at the Carlton the other night with an American friend of his, and the handsome room was filled with English and Americans. Almost all the English were men and women of title or rank or both; almost all the Americans were famous in their own country, and in London nowadays, for wealth and display.

"You Americans are very popular here," said the diplomat

"Yes," replied the American

"And on the Continent also," said the diplomat

"Yes," replied the American. "How the German Emperor does love us—he is almost as enthusiastic as King Edward"

"You are very popular," went on the diplomat, "and very unpopular. You were never so popular or so unpopular

"You mean we are unpopular because of the American trade invasion?"

"Not at all. That is a trifling matter. It concerns only the politicians and a few manufacturers and the farmers, and the most of the farmers over here are too ignorant to know what ails them. No—let me explain. Formerly we—and when I say we, over here, I mean the upper classes, the dominating classes, those which still rule for all this talk about the progress of democracy—formerly we feared you; we pretended to despise you, but in fact we were afraid. You were the great experiment in democracy, that is in anarchy—in the rule of the masses, the mob. Your success meant serious trouble if not the handwriting on the wall for us, because our masses were always thinking of you." Here the diplomat smiled peculiarly and glanced round the room.

"Now all that has been changed," he went on. "Europe and America are better acquainted. We no longer fear you—why should we?"

And again he paused to let his glance travel round the room, finally to rest with good-humored satire upon the American's face. "Yes—we understand you better. Our fears have been proved groundless, our suspicions have been justified. And so our upper class which hated you, now—well, it neither loves nor admires you, but it honors and courts you. And our masses who once looked up to you as their ideal——" He shrugged his shoulders.

"They no longer look up to us?"

"They look down upon you. They see that you, too, have your dominating upper class just as they have. And they prefer their own kind of upper class as less sordid, less vulgar, the embodiment of a more inspiring ideal. So long as they knew you only by report they believed in you; and that belief made them restless under us. But now that they have seen you, now that you are constantly in evidence, they see that their hopes—at least so far as they were based upon you—were a foolish dream. They prefer their own princes to 'bosses' and upstart newly-rich."

"But suppose that these Americans whom you see over here and whom you read most about are not representative?"

"But, my dear friend, they are. Your country has changed and you do not realize it. Think a moment. What sort of men did you formerly send to us as diplomats? And what sort of men do you send now? What has become of your old horror of court dress and rank and precedence which they used to exhibit? You cannot deny that your diplomats are representative. And are they not of the same class as these ladies and gentlemen about us here, so obviously delighted with themselves and their aristocratic company, with themselves because of their company?"

There is much truth in the diplomat's comments on the state of European public sentiment toward America. And the change is, as he said, due to better acquaintance. Europe thinks it has discovered that as soon as an American rises in prosperity above the mass of his fellow-citizens he turns his eyes longingly toward the old world monarchies, and begins to think and plan how he—or she—can become as nearly like the aristocrats as possible.

A few years ago Paris was the paradise of Americans, especially of the Americans of wealth. It is so no longer. It is now for them a mere stopping-place for buying clothes—a pause in the journey to the true, fashionable, American Mecca, London.

A few years ago Americans, except the ordinary sightseeing, mind improving kind, loathed London. They knew few people there—and, like Vienna, London is an impossible place for the stranger in search of amusement; if he does not know natives, is not invited to their houses, a soundless desert is a cheerful, companionable place in comparison. Further, such English as the rich, fashionable, amusement-hunting American knew—that is, such Englishmen "of the right sort," were about as friendly and sociable as they are to their servants. But that was before the "Anglo-Saxon Alliance."

The change came with British discovery that the American multi-millionaire and the American heiress were not, as had been supposed, rarities found only occasionally after long search through trackless and vast wildernesses of "unspeakable bounders," but were deposited in "the States" in quantities, were easily accessible, were yearning for "high society," for aristocracy, for titled friends, for titled alliances. This was tidings of great joy to the English aristocracy. For, an aristocrat may not work; and, no matter how heavily "endowed" a title may be, values will shrink as time passes—not to speak of those savage "death duties" which the rascally Liberals enacted to the infuriation of the upper classes, who yet dare not repeal them.

The "Anglo-Saxon Alliance" began forthwith. Scores of English upper-class families opened their hearts and their hearths to "our cousins from across the sea." The more American friends one accumulated, the more likely was one to find an American multi-millionaire or so among them, or at least to be by way of getting into touch with American multi-millionaires or within "touching" distance of them.

To realize to what an extent the "Anglo-Saxon Alliance" was and is based upon this notion, one must realize how all-powerful the upper class is in England and how inarticulate, how socially, politically and in every public way insignificant are the English masses, including the bulk of the middle classes. When you speak of English public sentiment, you mean the sentiment of the London drawing-rooms. For they include nine-tenths of the members of Parliament, the Irish members excepted; and they dominate the journalists, who are either of the upper class or desperately struggling to get into it; they also dominate the masses who have been trained by centuries of unbroken custom to bow before rank and title. There were excellent reasons in international politics for England's turning favorable, friendly, even enthusiastic eyes upon America. But there could not have been this present passionate personal love, this daily and hourly working of that toothless old saw, "blood is thicker than water," had there not existed a reason which appealed directly to the personal and family self-interest of every member of nearly every upper-class family in England.

And all at once the German Emperor and those about him, all of a high and impoverishing nobility, have begun to work the same trusty, but never nowadays rusty, old saw about the relative thickness of blood and water—are we not "Germanic," we Americans? But the motive which is the less with the King and the upper classes of England is the stronger with our terrifyingly ardent German suitor—the motive of political or rather industrial friendship. He feels that in dining and wining and treating, "just as if they were equals," American owners of yachts and multi-millions, he is endearing himself to the American people. For, like practically all of Europe to-day, he thinks America is no longer a democracy but a thinly-disguised plutocracy And the more he reads and hears of the power and prestige of American multi-millionaires at home the more firmly is he convinced that when he is tickling the vanity of these "dollar-swollen upstarts" he is sending delicious thrills up and down the spine of the American eagle

The American multi-millionaire and his wife and his daughter—again, this does not mean *all* Europe-visiting Americans of wealth—are, in fact, directly responsible for Europe's present opinion of the American "experiment in democracy." For they—not unnaturally—wish to make themselves out the relative equals of their titled and exalted friends. They begin to "talk tall"; and, being far away from home, they soon are thinking as tall as they talk.

Thus the American fresh from America finds London—let us confine ourselves to the one capital as typical—a strange, a humorous spectacle in the fashionable season. He can hardly believe his own eyes and ears. A week or two, and so persistent are the impressions of a true American nobility visiting Europe that he almost feels that he has been asleep with Rip Van Winkle and has awakened to a new century and a new order in which there is no American republic.

And we are only at the beginning. The "Anglo-Saxon Alliance" between the English upper class and the American aspirants to be thought "upper class," the dragging in of the rich American pilgrim out of the fog to the cheeriest corner of the English fire, these are matters of yesterday. And already Paris gets but a glance from the rich Americans, and the most foresighted of Paris shopkeepers are establishing London branches for the "Anglo-Saxon" American who no longer can spare the time from his and her English social duties to make the outfitting trip across the Channel. To-morrow—the English hearth is large; there is room on it for every presentable or hope-inspiring American who can afford to cross the Atlantic; and the news of the jollity of the London season and of the round of English house parties is spreading in America and is attracting the pretentious society of all the large American cities. The "Alliance" is indeed booming.

It is not through English aversion to the Atlantic voyage that, although we are the sought, we go to the home of the seeker to be sought. The English upper classes would come to us if we insisted upon it, although the item of expense looks larger to them than to us. But we do not insist upon it. Our "leisure class" is made far more comfortable in England than it is at home. America has no such facilities as has England for amusing sheer idleness in ways that are not undisguisedly inane. Through several centuries the filling in of the idle hours of professional idlers has been a study there; the houses, the streets, the theatres, the restaurants, the whole social system is adapted to it. Further, the American can feel so "tall," can believe so thoroughly in his own aristocracy and aloofness above the general run of mankind when there are three thousand miles of barren water between him in his grandeur and the shop where he worked as a "clark" or the cabin where his father was born or the backyard where his mother in gingham hung out the wash. Thus, the Americans in search of the "high life" for which they yearn prefer to go to it rather than to have it brought to them.

"As I study your countrymen here and get their views," said an Englishman, famous as a lifelong admirer of America and of the democratic idea, "I become convinced against my will that your democracy is dying. It seems the ideal of democracy is too high to survive prosperity; apparently it can exist only in what one of your countrymen, writing in your simpler day, called 'the atmosphere of plain living and high thinking.' As soon as a man becomes prosperous he feels that he is of different clay from most mortals and begins 'to put on airs,' as you Americans say. And the pity of it is that the less prosperous concede his superiority, and so make his airs significant where they would otherwise be ridiculous The reason our monarchies, that is, our monarchical governments and our aristocratic classes, are becoming friendly to you, is that you are becoming like them. They concede something; but you concede everything because you concede your principles. They get something—cash dividends on their condescensions; but I'm blest if I can see what you get."

To the stay-at-home American, or, for that matter, to the traveling American who retains his sense of proportion, the exaggerating of bumptious American diplomats and dollar-crats into a national phenomenon of peril and the gloomy croakings or sardonic rejoicings in Europe over the decay of the American Republic may seem preposterous—as preposterous as an American ambassador's fancying that his ecstasies when a king claps him on the shoulder are the ecstasies of the entire American people. But how others see us is always interesting—and sometimes helpful.

Again, it may prove nothing more extraordinary than that there are silly people among the Americans who go abroad, just as there are among those who stay at home

FARM MEMORIES

Come Back in Food.

How often a good appetite and a cracking good meal will bring back memories of old days on the farm! A mother says: "My eldest son, who has always had a weak stomach, was finally compelled to give up his position.

"I thought I could nurse him back to health and began feeding him Grape-Nuts for breakfast and after a short time he formed such a liking for it that I concluded to give it to him for supper, too.

"He wanted me to prepare it even oftener, but I did not do so for I was afraid he would take a dislike to the food by getting too much of it and I felt certain it would help him if he would only continue its use.

"He began to pick up rapidly and now he is well and strong again and has gone back to business, and he holds with honor a position that is very trying to the brain. Only yesterday he said to me, 'Grape-Nuts has certainly done wonders for me; I would not pass a day without it, and it has such a fine taste, too. It puts me in mind of how we used to enjoy food on the farm.'

"I first saw Grape-Nuts at a luncheon one day at a friend's house, and as soon as I tasted it I formed a liking for it. My friend had formerly been sick, but now she lives almost entirely upon Grape-Nuts, and she is also building up a delicate little daughter upon the food and the story she told me of what Grape-Nuts had done for both of them was certainly remarkable." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich

Send to the Co. for particulars by mail of extension of time on the $7,500.00 cooks' contest for 735 money prizes.

BANK BY MAIL

A Tower of Strength

4% Interest on Savings, Compounded Semi-Annually.

DEPOSITS

$10,000,000.00

CAPITAL — SURPLUS — PROFITS:

$6,000,000.00

$100.00 can be withdrawn without notice. Send for Booklet 4, "How to Bank Safely by Mail."

PITTSBURG TRUST Co
PITTSBURG PA.

Atar Myosotis

[illegible] 1902

is compounded from carefully selected ingredients, and more than ten years has been considered necessary to develop the true perfume. One or two drops on handkerchief or lace produce satisfactory results. The concentrated strength and antiseptic qualities easily distinguish Atar Myosotis from cheap articles mixed with water, and in order to further distinguish the product from others, the Atars are offered only in Blue Glass bottles, mounted with sterling silver. It is the most refined, unique and attractive article for the toilet ever exhibited.

[illegible] very suitable for engraving [illegible] etc. If you do not find it at your merchant's, we will send it for $2

ROBERT LOW'S SON & HOWARD
167 Strand, London, England
The Flat-Iron, New York City, U. S. A.

The Office Boy's Lyrics

By S. E. Kiser

With Pictures by John T. McCutcheon

IT WAS ONE SHE HAD WROTE TO HER HOMELY BEAU

XII

To-day she give me a letter to mail,
  It was one she had wrote to her homely beau;
I wish I'd a hammer and he was a nail.
To-day she give me a letter to mail—
I wish I knew if they'd put me in jail
  If I blotted the stamp so it wouldn't go
To-day she give me a letter to mail,
  It was one she had wrote to her homely beau

I wish that some day he'd forget to write
  And then she would hate him for what he done,
And send him back home when he come that night;
I wish that some day he'd forget to write,
And then she would marry me just for spite,
  And give up callin' me Bub and Son;
I wish that some day he'd forget to write,
  And then she would hate him for what he done

XIII

One time when only me and her were here
  And she typewrote away with all her might
I watched her fingers goin', slim and white,
And after while she looked up kind of queer;
Then I leaned on her desk, and pretty near
  Before I thought about it, lookin' right
  Down in her eyes, and feelin' kind of light
Around my head, I said: "I love you, dear."

It scared me so to hear myself that then
  I knocked the mucilage down in her lap,
    And she got all stuck up, and mad, and said
That I was only just a calf, and when
  She told me that I ought to get a slap
    I went outside and wished that I was dead.

XIV

I'm sorry I got mad at Green
  And hooked his wig that day;
I can't help feelin' awful mean
  For treatin' him that way.

His little girl is dead, she had
  A fall and hurt her back;
His office coat looks kind of sad
  There, hangin' on the rack.

I'm sorry that I yanked his hair
  Away that time; I know
It wasn't hardly fair and square—
  'Twas him begun it, though.

I've saved up sixty cents; I'll git
  A nice bouquet to send,
And mebby Green'll notice it,
  And see that I'm his friend.

It makes my throat all kind of dry
  To think, if it was me,
How ma would set and sob and cry,
  As sad as she could be.

I'm awful sorry for poor Green
  Because I wronged him so,
I wish I hadn't been so mean—
  'Twas him begun it, though.

XV

I wonder why it had to be
That she got borned ahead of me?
  It seems as though
The girls my age are all a lot
  Of homely, sassy things, and so
It makes me glad to think I'm not
  Their steady beau

Oh, blame the luck! I'll bet you when
I'm grown they won't be any then
  I'd care to get.
It's sad to be so young. I guess
  When I'm a man that I'll get let
In with the "old batch" crowd unless
  She's waitin' yet.

XVI

She's makin' plans to go away
  And stay two weeks or so; I s'pose
She'll wear a new dress every day
  And daze folks everywhere she goes.

I wish she'd go in bathin' where
  The waves come dashin' with a roar
And have her beau in with her there
  And I'd be standin' on the shore.

And then I wish the undertow
  Would catch her, and she couldn't swim,
And she'd be yellin' to her beau,
  Expectin' to get saved by him.

But maybe he'd be scared so bad
  He'd hurry out and run away,
Or only stand there lookin' sad,
  Not mindin' anything she'd say.

Then I'd swim out to where she'd be
  And save her and the crowd would cheer,
And when she seen that it was me
  She'd bust with joy, or pretty near

And when her beau'd sneak back, at last
  To fix it up by tellin' lies,
She'd catch my hand and hold it fast,
  And kiss me, right before his eyes.

So then he'd go away and she
  Would say: "Brave boy, you saved my life:
I wish I'd drownded in the sea—
  Unless you'll have me for your wife."

XVII

I'd get myself a wand somewhere
And do some wavin' in the air,
  If I was a wizard;
I'd hide behind a desk, and when
Her beau was hangin' round again
I'd change him to a monkey, then—
  If I was a wizard.

I'd make me be a man to-day
And have a million right away,
  If I was a wizard,
I'd wave my wand a time or so
And that would make my mustache grow—
Say, wouldn't it be pleasant, though,
  If I was a wizard?

I'd make the boss my office kid,
And when he sassed I'd crack his lid,
  If I was a wizard;
I'd make myself so handsome, Grace,
The minute that she seen my face,
Would tag me all around the place,
  If I was a wizard.

I guess I wouldn't do a thing
But make myself a prince or king,
  If I was a wizard;
I'd make her love me so she'd be
Half crazy when I'd smile — but gee!
I wonder if I'd still be me,
  If I was a wizard?

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

I WISH I HADN'T BEEN SO MEAN

THERE IS ONLY ONE
TANGLEFOOT STICKY FLY PAPER
[illegible]

PETER'S
THE ORIGINAL
MILK-CHOCOLATE

For Eating Only
Imported from Vevey, Switzerland

It is a Delicious Confection

[illegible] especially nourishing and sustaining [illegible] can be eaten freely by children [illegible]

Every Traveler and Camper should have

PETER'S SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE

Invaluable as a dainty lunch on all excursions. Avoid imitations which lack the Richness and Delicate Flavor of the Original

Any and Every Other Brand is an IMITATION.

A Postal Will Bring a Sample

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 20 cents [illegible]

Lamont, Corliss & Co., Sole Agents
78 Hudson Street, New York

Don't You Want to have a Free Trial

Rip Van Winkle

Style, [illegible] The most healthful, comfortable and desirable bed ever made. We make a liberal [illegible] offer so that anybody can try it with [illegible] financial risk, and we give purchasers our **written guarantee** that if at any time in twenty [illegible] the "Rip Van Winkle" Spring Bed is not satisfactory their money will be refunded.

Made entirely of metal. Can never sag or become weak, and physicians say it holds the body in the most healthful position for sleep. [illegible]

THE NATIONAL SPRING BED CO.
20 High Street, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

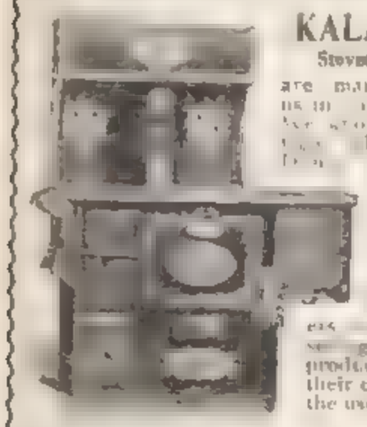
PATENT SECURED

[illegible] Free Booklet [illegible] time secured for free distribution. Patents secured by us advertised free in Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE
EVANS, WILKENS & CO., 641 F St., Washington, D. C.

Kalamazoo ranges and cook stoves are equipped with patent oven thermometer. Makes baking sure

The KALAMAZOO

A better stove or range than you can get from any other source. A saving of from 25 per cent. to 40 per cent. in price. Prompt shipment from factory to user. Factory prices—no dealers' profits. Freight prepaid by us. 360 days' approval test. Guarantee backed by $20,000 bank bond.



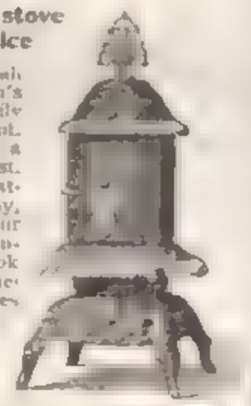
KALAMAZOO
Stoves and Ranges

are manufactured by us [illegible] sold direct to user through [illegible] you can buy them with cheap mail order goods.

We are the only stove manufacturers in the world selling their entire product direct from their own factory to the user

There isn't a better stove or range at any price

and by eliminating all dealers' and middlemen's profits we save you easily 25 per cent. to 40 per cent. Moreover we give you a 360 Days' Approval Test. If your purchase is not satisfactory in every way, return the goods at our expense. We have a complete line of ranges, cook stoves, heaters for fuel gas, coal or wood. All stoves handsomely polished and [illegible] at less



It will pay you to investigate

Send for catalog No. 152 and prices, freight prepaid

THE KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Manufacturers
Kalamazoo, Michigan

50c Why Pay More?

The best and cheapest Ice Pad made is

THE ECONOMY ICE PAD

Saves ½ your Ice Bill. Sanitary and Washable

If your dealer hasn't it, we will send it to your address on receipt of 50 cents.

AGENTS WANTED

Economy Ice Pad Co., 19 S. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Pears'

The more purely negative soap is, the nearer does it approach perfection.

Unless you have used Pears' soap you probably do not know what we mean by a soap with no free fat or alkali in it—nothing but soap.

Established over 100 years.

How Long

are you sure of your income? Save some of it, and at the same time protect your family against your failure or death

Free booklet "The How and the Why." We insure by mail.

Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co.
921 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

The Language of the Sea

THE language of the sea was born of the necessity of communication under conditions which defied usual methods. Among naval vessels, especially in time of war, the problem—at no time easy of solution—is complicated by the fact that the privacy of the message must be maintained when all circumstances conspire to invite publicity. But out of such vexatious surroundings have grown several ingenious systems, adaptable to the varying situation

In the first place, there is in every navy a special code, somehow contrived by its authors to be unfathomable to an inquisitive enemy, even if he should come into possession of the code book itself. In our navy the working of the code is a mathematical calculation and calls for considerable skill in putting a message into code phraseology, or in translating a code text into comprehensible English. The code book is the most secret and valuable possession of the commanding officer at sea. It never goes out of his cabin, and access to it is permitted only to those intrusted with its official employment. It is encased in leaden covers so it may be sunk if a ship and its contents fall into the hands of a foe. One of the duties imposed upon the commanding officer is to see that the code book is cast overboard at a hopelessly critical moment, although its capture would not necessarily enlighten those who become its possessors. The phrases of the code are multifarious, and capable of innumerable combinations fitting every conceivable subject upon which there need be communication

The man who did the most for signaling on land and sea was General A. J. Meyer, United States Army, the "Old Probabilities" of the early weather office when it was a part of the Army Signal Corps, of which Meyer was chief. It was back in 1856 that he invented his code, which was superseded thirty years later by the Continental Morse code, and in 1890 by the American Morse code The ordinary signaling at sea makes use of one or the other of a few comparatively simple methods of expression. But, of course, there are means of hiding the significance of the various signals so that an unfriendly observer may not acquire information not intended for him.

A Dozen Ways of Signaling

Naval signaling, to which the ingenuity of man has applied itself with some success for many years, takes three distinct forms, that of messenger, visual and phonetic signaling. Each class is more or less impeded in its operation by the uncertainties of the elements and the certainties of day and night. In a fog, for instance, signaling of any kind is very difficult, and it is confined to such unsatisfactory methods as tapping a bell, blowing a whistle or firing a gun. The display symbol, such as flags by day and lights by night, is out of the question in a fog. Then, too, there are such considerations as the invisibility of certain colors in flags and the curvature of the earth, limiting range to which the most reliable of naval signals are discernible

Under messenger signaling there is included the use of dispatch boats, which are now a feature of every fleet. They are really the errand boys of the deep, and are, usually, ships of great speed and of small displacement in order to attract as little attention as possible, and to offer the least target to an alert enemy. Another feature of messenger signaling is the pigeon service, not in much favor in our own service, but quite extensively used in some of the European countries, France having one hundred thousand birds and Germany fifty-two thousand. This method of signaling is considered serviceable during the day when the distance is not more than three hundred miles, and principally between vessels and the land. The messages are usually carried in a section of goose quill about one and three-quarters of an inch in length and hermetically sealed at the ends. This is fastened to one of the underneath tail feathers. The balloon is also of this class of signaling, but that method is not well adapted to naval conditions

Upon visual signaling the greatest dependence is obviously placed. The most common form is the "wig wag," a name aptly derived from the motion of the flag in the hands of the signal man. The method of communication need not be a flag and the message can be transmitted by means of a handkerchief, or a torch, or any object which lends itself to visibility. Sometimes one sees naval officers playfully communicating in this way across a room, and it is one of the favorite diversions of apprentices on shipboard to exchange with each other characteristic comments and greetings, not always official in the dignity of their tenor.

The apprentices are encouraged in this practice, and some of them become quite proficient. The motion of the flag by day, or torch by night, to the right indicates a dot, and the motion to the left, the dash of the Morse alphabet, while intervals are indicated by motions in front. Thus, the letters of a word represented by two dots and a dash would be indicated by two downward sweeps to the right, followed by a downward sweep to the left. An expert signal man will spell out words and finally sentences in this manner in an incredibly short period.

All sorts of combinations are possible with flags displayed as signals. Their form and color, arrangement, duration of display and other incidents add to the variety of the communication. The visibility of colors in flags are limited to red, canary yellow, black, white and blue, and it is essential that there be a breeze or the flags will hang limp and the significance of color and combination will be lost. The heliograph, an Army instrument which employs mirrors in flashes of the sunlight, is little used on shipboard where the platform is unstable

Wireless the Best of All

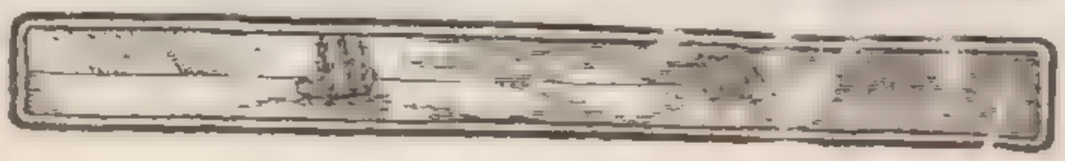
The semaphore is another form of visual signaling, the virtue of which is in its rapidity. Each character is made by a motion of one or more arms, which placed in a certain position represent different letters or numerals. A structure is sometimes used of mechanical operation, the arms of the semaphore being painted black for day signaling and white for night work, when a light is thrown on the arms. A man may convert himself into an apparatus of this kind, carrying in each hand, as an aid to visibility, a small flag. Both hands extended at right angles from the body may stand for the letter "S," and both hands held upright over the head for "I," and so on.

At night, visual signaling has become possible in recent years by means of the flashlight, or the searchlight. Signaling at great distances is possible with the searchlight when the vessel is below the horizon, and the beam is thrown on heavy banks of clouds. In one trial of this method the message was sent from Mt. Washington, in New Hampshire, to Portland, Maine, eighty-five miles away, and it was estimated that the beam of light must have been one hundred and ten miles long

In phonetic signaling the limitations are numerous. It is difficult to locate sound in a fog, but it must be necessary sometimes to maintain communication, even under that adverse meteorological condition. The Morse code may be employed with the steam whistle, a short blast to indicate a dot, and a longer blast to indicate a dash. With the bell, gong or drum, which latter is sometimes used, one blow stands for a dot and two blows in succession for a dash

There is one method of signaling at sea which is in a class by itself—wireless telegraphy, with which our service is now experimenting. The foreigners have done much more with it, although nothing has been made public of a nature to suggest more than the possibilities of the system. It has its limitations quite as severe as any other form of signaling and no one knows to what valuable use it may some day be put. One of the disadvantages thus far is that messages will not be the exclusive property of friends, and are as free as the elements upon which they mysteriously travel. But it is evident that with the attainment of selectivity wireless telegraphy will be the future language of the sea

—John Edward Jenks



A Receipt for Cheese Croquettes

CORN STARCH TALK

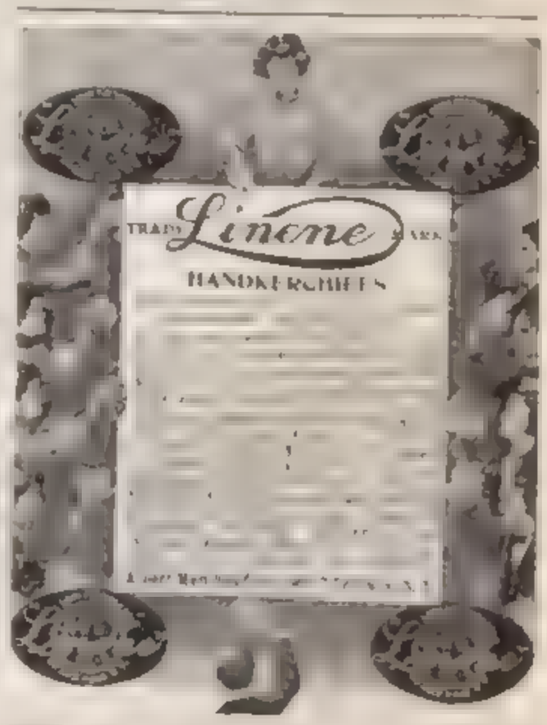
By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG

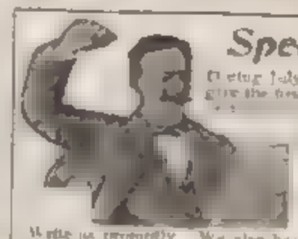
The use of cheese in various forms is becoming more frequent every year and it is well that it should be so, as cheese furnishes proteid in a high degree. A mild cream cheese, cooked only enough to be melted, is easily taken care of by the average stomach, and greatly to be preferred to the raw article. Cheese by itself is too concentrated and needs starchy food with it to make a perfect combination. The ideal form of starch is obtained in Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, a product which has stood the test of years and is considered the standard of excellence. By combining this with cheese we may prepare many wholesome and delicious dishes. One of the daintiest, perhaps, is in the form of a croquette, and this may be served either as an entree, with broiled tomatoes, or a tomato sauce, or as an accompaniment to a salad.

CHEESE CROQUETTES.

Make a cream sauce with two tablespoons of butter, three level tablespoons of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch and a cup of milk. Beat into this the yolk of an egg and season highly with paprika and a little salt. Add two tablespoons of grated cheese and when melted remove from fire and stir in gently one and one-half cups of mild cheese cut in cubes. Cool the mixture thoroughly, shape into squares or diamonds and bread them as any croquettes. Fry in hot fat, drain well on soft paper and serve in a nest of parsley or lettuce.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED)





Special Offer!

During July and August only, we will give the best terms [illegible] special opportunity [illegible] to own the well known

AMERICAN $10 TYPEWRITER

at a special cash price [illegible] THE POST is mentioned [illegible]

Write us promptly. We also have an attractive [illegible]

[illegible] CO. 284 Broadway, N. Y. City

WEDDING INVITATIONS

and Announcements printed and engraved. Up-to-date styles. Finest work and materials. Dainty Wedding Etiquette and valuable booklet "Wedding Progress" FREE

J. W. COCKRUM, 997 Main Street, Oakland City, Ind.

How Boys Earn Money

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON

THAT a determined boy can earn his own living in New York and at the same time secure an education was strikingly shown by a boy of sixteen who, with three hats upon his head and all the rest of his belongings in a wheelbarrow, wheeled his way toward these dual ends

He had determined to go through Columbia University; he knew that he must work for his living while he studied, and he bravely set about it. Knowing the difficulties of finding sufficient work in New York, outside of college hours, he decided to look for employment at quite a distance from the centre of the city, and it came to him that he might get a route of furnaces to attend to in the early morning hours. He was ready to turn his hands to any honest work. That was one requisite for success. And he was not daunted by the consideration that there would probably be no demand for the work that he was about to offer. He was prepared to arouse the demand in the minds of men to whom the idea had never occurred

By patient canvassing of the district he had fixed upon he secured enough furnaces for his purpose, and then, with an immense amount of perseverance and self denial, stubbornly kept at the task

One of his employers became interested in him and offered him a room in his barn, rent free. The boy accepted it, and it was when he went to take possession of the room that he made his appearance in his three hats and wheeling his belongings in front of him. He could not afford to hire an express wagon, and he had no false pride. For quite a while he lived almost altogether upon canned tomatoes and bread, so closely was he running his finances and so determined was he not to ask for aid. For a year he successfully pursued his college course by the furnace route, and then more remunerative work was offered him. He had shown that with self denial and determination the gravest difficulties may be surmounted, and that, in fact, as the time-honored proverb has it, "Where there's a will there's a way."

If the history of all the boys in New York who work to live while getting an education —perhaps only the most rudimentary common-school education—could be written, it would make a record of absorbing interest. The desire to gain education is often found, in a high degree, among the very poorest, and even among the masses of foreign-born, and this fact serves, in some degree, to lessen the anxiety which Americans must feel in regard to the thousands of immigrants, unable to speak a word of our language, who each week land at this port. One continually meets with parents who are working hard to give an education to their children and with boys who are working hard and undergoing every privation to attain the same end

One Austrian whom I saw is so gaunt as to be almost a skeleton: he is ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed; he has a family of several children; he has had illness to take from his little savings; yet he will allow nothing to interfere with keeping his children at school. "It will be all right in a few years," he says "Manfred, the oldest, will be a lawyer." And he goes patiently on his self-denying way. Manfred himself is earning money outside of school hours as helper in one of the public library branches, where he carries and arranges books

Quite a number of the best known doctors and lawyers of the East Side gained their education through years of incredible work and hardship.

A Self-Made Lawyer

One lawyer, who is only thirty but who seems to be forty-five, so seriously did his years of struggle age him, began working when he was a boy of eight. He cleaned and swept out a sweatshop and acted as general helper and errand boy for the sum of one dollar a week. After a while he was promoted to be a "turnover boy," working at collars and pockets and earning each week a dollar and a half

But he determined to go to school, and his parents did not oppose him. For two years, then, he worked from six-thirty to eight-thirty every school day morning, and from three in the afternoon until eight, at making artificial flowers. Every Saturday and Sunday he was a shoeblack, going to his corner at seven in the morning and remaining until nine at night. He gained but a pittance at flower-making, and, being so young, his patient hours of readiness to shine shoes were not much more productive

The family necessities became such that he had to quit school and go to work in a box factory, where he remained for several years The death of his parents then compelled him to shift entirely for himself—a difficult task, in a large city, for a boy of fourteen

The determination to obtain an education had never left him, and he now began to study in the place he called home: one of the poor tenements of the East Side, where he was a lodger. He tells, grimly, of the disapproval which his efforts to study aroused among the members of the household in which he lived; for the others, like himself, had to get up very early every morning, but, unlike himself, had no desire to have a bright light burning far into the night.

And so he went on: a wearisome task enough, but with always ahead of him the vision of education and station. And at length he won

Recognizing the demand for education among a host of the East Side folk, the city has recently put up a number of splendid school buildings in the congested districts, and they, as well as the many school buildings of older type, are filled to overflowing, and many a boy who attends there works both before and after school hours

The zeal for education of any sort, on account of the value of education in practical life, was recently illustrated by a story told by the president of a civic organization in New York. She sent out notices to a number of the wealthy that a course of lectures was to be given on the growth and development of the city, but there was but a single response; only one child was ready to be instructed. She announced to the East Side that club classes were to be organized for the same purpose, and three thousand children of the poor promptly applied for enrollment

Of course, there is more than one reason why the children of the rich need not be eager to take advantage of such lectures, but there is only one reason why the poor are so eager for it—their knowledge that through education the earning power and the opportunities for advancement are increased. And there is no truth which it is more important that a boy, of whatever class, should learn, than that he should neglect no opportunity of broadening his mind and his intelligence.

What it Costs to Live

The shifts to which some boys are put, and the sum for which, in case of necessity, it is possible to live, are of interest. A man who is widely known in New York told me that for a while, when a youth, he lived for twenty-five cents a week. "But," he added, "the effects of that time will be with me as long as I live."

Expenses are high in New York for all who would be comfortable; but there is cheap living, too. There are working boys who buy "rebaked bread" (stale bread which has been soaked in water and then rebaked) for from one to two cents a pound. Milk, of its kind, may be purchased by those who know where to find it for two, three or four cents a quart, "according to quality"—an ominous phrase. Butter of the tenements is of five grades, the best being the equal of the butter of the wealthy. Some boys buy the cheapest kind at the rate of two cents for a quarter of a pound. Many newsboys and messengers lunch on sandwiches and coffee at little restaurants where they can obtain a thick sandwich and a large cup of coffee for a nickel These places are often known as "combination" coffee-houses. At other times boys are apt to revel in fat buckwheat cakes for one cent a cake, or to regale themselves with bananas, which in New York are usually very cheap. The boy who craves a luxury may have a glass of lemonade for a cent or a dab of ice cream for the same price, and at some stands a single cent will secure him the popular delicacy of an "ice cream sandwich"—a slice of ice cream mounted between two thin wafers. In short, though it is not pleasant to contemplate the details of the cheapest living, it is well that there are possibilities for the great number of boys who must live cheaply

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers on this subject by Mr. Shackleton.

Stewart Hartshorn

If you really want the genuine improved **Hartshorn** shade roller—the best ever made in the world—be sure that this signature is on the label.

WOOD ROLLERS
TIN ROLLERS

Stewart Hartshorn

GODIVA
HAIR BRUSH
REACHES THE SCALP AT EVERY STROKE

$2.00
Everywhere, or by Mail

Has penetrating bristles of finest quality that excite vitality and encourage luxuriant growth—Solid back—A perfect brush

S. E. HOWARD'S SON & CO.
New York City

This New
KODAK

or any other new Kodak, Century Premo, Poco, or Hawkeye Camera, we sell at the lowest market price and will take in trade your

OLD CAMERA

Write today describing yours and tell us what Camera you want and get our offer. New Camera catalog free for the asking

THE FRANKLIN CO. 707-711 Superior Street Toledo, Ohio

BE A WRITER
REPORTER EDITOR AUTHOR

Writers' Journalists' Story Writing [illegible] MSS and sell them, on commission, either to exclusive publishers or to nearly [illegible] through our Syndicate Sheets. [illegible] Established 1895
NATIONAL PRESS ASS'N, 87 The Baldwin, INDIANAPOLIS

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

Taught by Mail Thoroughly. Taught by the founders of the original school. Taught in an expert manner, enabling you to earn expert salary. Six years success and hundreds [illegible]. Large prospectus free on request.
PAGE-DAVIS CO., Suite 18, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago

STOP FORGETTING
Write today for free trial copy [illegible]
DICKSON SCHOOL OF MEMORY, 932 The Auditorium, Chicago

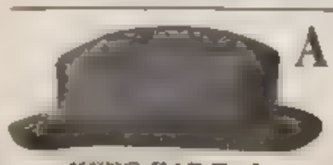
DO NOT STAMMER

Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D.D., LL.D., M.D. [illegible] Bishop C. H. Fowler, D.D. [illegible] Hon. John Wanamaker, ex-Postmaster-General, Phila. [illegible] use the Phi [illegible] Rule—THE Phi [illegible] STAMMERING SCHOOL. Illustrated 80-page book free. EDWIN S. JOHNSTON, Pres't and Founder, who cured himself after stammering 40 years. [illegible] Spring
10th Year
Summer Session, Atlantic City, N. J.

SQUABS sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a doz., [illegible] wants charge 75 cents to $1.50 an order (netting one squab). [illegible] money breeding them, a flock [illegible] handsomely. Squabs [illegible] feed, no night labor, no young stock to attend (parent birds do this). Send for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn [illegible]
Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 2 A Friend Street, Boston, Mass.

PHONETIC SHORTHAND For Self-Instruction, $1.25. Reader, 75c. Dictionary $1.50. Shorthand Systems $1.25. Speed Books in the United States. 40 pp. illustrated, five cents.
W. W. OSGOODBY, Publisher, Rochester, N. Y.

A 50-Cent Hat by Mail



MEN'S HAT No. 1
In soft, rough finish. Colors: Gray [illegible]

Either of these hats sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents in cash, postal-order or stamps. Money back if not satisfactory. We refer to The First National Bank of Middletown, N. Y. We are hat [illegible] facturers and make the following offer to introduce these hats and our other lines of Men's, Boys', and Women's Hats in every town in the United States. *Send for our Pocket Lamp[illegible]*

MEN'S HAT No. 2
[illegible] Colors: Black, Brown, Maple, Steel, and Pearl

MIDDLETOWN HAT COMPANY, 66 Mill Street, Middletown, N. Y.

THE Yale
"A HAPPY MEDIUM"

12 H. P
Price, $1750

"A Car with the Doubt and the Jar Left Out"

The Yale is neither a cheap runabout nor a ponderous racing machine. It is a family touring car which precisely meets the requirements of a vast majority of American [illegible]. In size, weight and price it is indeed a happy medium—with a maximum of strength and speed.

Simple in Construction and Mechanical Adjustment

Write to-day for descriptive booklet and the name of the agent in your locality

KIRK MFG. CO.
915 Oakwood Ave.
Toledo, O.

While On Your Vacation Take Comfort
The ORIGINAL and mechanically perfect

STAR
Safety Razor

[illegible] guarantees you not only comfort but [illegible] in your daily shave. If [illegible]

The Star Safety Razor, [illegible] original inventors of the safety [illegible], used daily by over 5,000,000 people. This proves it to be a razor of merit. Imitators have tried to copy our razor, but if you insist upon getting the "3 STARS" (our trade-mark), you will be sure of satisfaction. Every razor is carefully tested before leaving our factory.

THE NEW STAR STROPPER guarantees absolute perfection to the user of the razor. [illegible]

Razors, Complete $2.00. New Star Stropper, $1.50
Sets, $3.50 and up.

KAMPFE BROS., 8-12 Reade St., New York
Or all leading dealers on high-class cutlery

BANKING BY MAIL

[illegible]tely safe and convenient method of saving money, [illegible] your money in our Big Strong, Savings Bank [illegible] all, no matter where you live. We pay

4% INTEREST

[illegible]added semi-annually, on ANY AMOUNT FROM ONE DOLLAR UP. This is better than Stocks and Bonds. Our enormous capital and strong official board guarantee security. Write for booklet "K," "Banking by Mail."

THE FEDERAL TRUST CO., Cleveland, Ohio
Capital $1,500,000 "The City of Banks."

KLIP-KLIP

TRIMS, FILES, CLEANS,

THE POCKET MANICURE
SOLID GERMAN SILVER

Keeps the nails in perfect condition. A complete manicure for man, woman or child. Sold everywhere or by mail for 25c

KLIP KLIP CO., 570 Clinton Ave. S., Rochester, N. Y.

GET "THE MERKEL"

[illegible] the Motor [illegible] with [illegible] Speed Control to [illegible] Absolute [illegible] Two [illegible] Three [illegible] Four [illegible] Five [illegible] Six [illegible] Seven [illegible] Eight [illegible] Nine [illegible] Ten [illegible] Eleven [illegible] Twelve [illegible] Thirteen [illegible] Fourteen [illegible] Fifteen [illegible] Sixteen [illegible] Seventeen [illegible] Eighteen [illegible] Nineteen [illegible] Twenty [illegible] Twenty-one [illegible] Twenty-two [illegible] Twenty-three [illegible] Twenty-four [illegible] Twenty-five [illegible] Twenty-six [illegible] Twenty-seven [illegible] Twenty-eight [illegible] Twenty-nine [illegible] Thirty [illegible] Thirty-one [illegible] Thirty-two [illegible] Thirty-three [illegible] Thirty-four [illegible] Thirty-five [illegible] Thirty-six [illegible] Thirty-seven [illegible] Thirty-eight [illegible] Thirty-nine [illegible] Forty [illegible] Forty-one [illegible] Forty-two [illegible] Forty-three [illegible] Forty-four [illegible] Forty-five [illegible] Forty-six [illegible] Forty-seven [illegible] Forty-eight [illegible] Forty-nine [illegible] Fifty [illegible] Fifty-one [illegible] Fifty-two [illegible] Fifty-three [illegible] Fifty-four [illegible] Fifty-five [illegible] Fifty-six [illegible] Fifty-seven [illegible] Fifty-eight [illegible] Fifty-nine [illegible] Sixty [illegible] Sixty-one [illegible] Sixty-two [illegible] Sixty-three [illegible] Sixty-four [illegible] Sixty-five [illegible] Sixty-six [illegible] Sixty-seven [illegible] Sixty-eight [illegible] Sixty-nine [illegible] Seventy [illegible] Seventy-one [illegible] Seventy-two [illegible] Seventy-three [illegible] Seventy-four [illegible] Seventy-five [illegible] Seventy-six [illegible] Seventy-seven [illegible] Seventy-eight [illegible] Seventy-nine [illegible] Eighty [illegible] Eighty-one [illegible] Eighty-two [illegible] Eighty-three [illegible] Eighty-four [illegible] Eighty-five [illegible] Eighty-six [illegible] Eighty-seven [illegible] Eighty-eight [illegible] Eighty-nine [illegible] Ninety [illegible] Ninety-one [illegible] Ninety-two [illegible] Ninety-three [illegible] Ninety-four [illegible] Ninety-five [illegible] Ninety-six [illegible] Ninety-seven [illegible] Ninety-eight [illegible] Ninety-nine [illegible] One Hundred [illegible] One Hundred and One [illegible] One Hundred and Two [illegible] One Hundred and Three [illegible] One Hundred and Four [illegible] One Hundred and Five [illegible] One Hundred and Six [illegible] One Hundred and Seven [illegible] One Hundred and Eight [illegible] One Hundred and Nine [illegible] One Hundred and Ten [illegible] One Hundred and Eleven [illegible] One Hundred and Twelve [illegible] One Hundred and Thirteen [illegible] One Hundred and Fourteen [illegible] One Hundred and Fifteen [illegible] One Hundred and Sixteen [illegible] One Hundred and Seventeen [illegible] One Hundred and Eighteen [illegible] One Hundred and Nineteen [illegible] One Hundred and Twenty [illegible] One Hundred and Twenty-one [illegible] One Hundred and Twenty-two [illegible] One Hundred and Twenty-three [illegible] One Hundred and Twenty-four [illegible] One Hundred and Twenty-five [illegible] One Hundred and Twenty-six [illegible] One Hundred and Twenty-seven [illegible] One Hundred and Twenty-eight [illegible] One Hundred and Twenty-nine [illegible] One Hundred and Thirty [illegible] One Hundred and Thirty-one [illegible] One Hundred and Thirty-two [illegible] One Hundred and Thirty-three [illegible] One Hundred and Thirty-four [illegible] One Hundred and Thirty-five [illegible] One Hundred and Thirty-six [illegible] One Hundred and Thirty-seven [illegible] One Hundred and Thirty-eight [illegible] One Hundred and Thirty-nine [illegible] One Hundred and Forty [illegible] One Hundred and Forty-one [illegible] One Hundred and Forty-two [illegible] One Hundred and Forty-three [illegible] One Hundred and Forty-four [illegible] One Hundred and Forty-five [illegible] One Hundred and Forty-six [illegible] One Hundred and Forty-seven [illegible] One Hundred and Forty-eight [illegible] One Hundred and Forty-nine [illegible] One Hundred and Fifty [illegible] One Hundred and Fifty-one [illegible] One Hundred and Fifty-two [illegible] One Hundred and Fifty-three [illegible] One Hundred and Fifty-four [illegible] One Hundred and Fifty-five [illegible] One Hundred and Fifty-six [illegible] One Hundred and Fifty-seven [illegible] One Hundred and Fifty-eight [illegible] One Hundred and Fifty-nine [illegible] One Hundred and Sixty [illegible] One Hundred and Sixty-one [illegible] One Hundred and Sixty-two [illegible] One Hundred and Sixty-three [illegible] One Hundred and Sixty-four [illegible] One Hundred and Sixty-five [illegible] One Hundred and Sixty-six [illegible] One Hundred and Sixty-seven [illegible] One Hundred and Sixty-eight [illegible] One Hundred and Sixty-nine [illegible] One Hundred and Seventy [illegible] One Hundred and Seventy-one [illegible] One Hundred and Seventy-two [illegible] One Hundred and Seventy-three [illegible] One Hundred and Seventy-four [illegible] One Hundred and Seventy-five [illegible] One Hundred and Seventy-six [illegible] One Hundred and Seventy-seven [illegible] One Hundred and Seventy-eight [illegible] One Hundred and Seventy-nine [illegible] One Hundred and Eighty [illegible] One Hundred and Eighty-one [illegible] One Hundred and Eighty-two [illegible] One Hundred and Eighty-three [illegible] One Hundred and Eighty-four [illegible] One Hundred and Eighty-five [illegible] One Hundred and Eighty-six [illegible] One Hundred and Eighty-seven [illegible] One Hundred and Eighty-eight [illegible] One Hundred and Eighty-nine [illegible] One Hundred and Ninety [illegible] One Hundred and Ninety-one [illegible] One Hundred and Ninety-two [illegible] One Hundred and Ninety-three [illegible] One Hundred and Ninety-four [illegible] One Hundred and Ninety-five [illegible] One Hundred and Ninety-six [illegible] One Hundred and Ninety-seven [illegible] One Hundred and Ninety-eight [illegible] One Hundred and Ninety-nine [illegible] Two Hundred [illegible] Two Hundred and One [illegible] Two Hundred and Two [illegible] Two Hundred and Three [illegible] Two Hundred and Four [illegible] Two Hundred and Five [illegible] Two Hundred and Six [illegible] Two Hundred and Seven [illegible] Two Hundred and Eight [illegible] Two Hundred and Nine [illegible] Two Hundred and Ten [illegible] Two Hundred and Eleven [illegible] Two Hundred and Twelve [illegible] Two Hundred and Thirteen [illegible] Two Hundred and Fourteen [illegible] Two Hundred and Fifteen [illegible] Two Hundred and Sixteen [illegible] Two Hundred and Seventeen [illegible] Two Hundred and Eighteen [illegible] Two Hundred and Nineteen [illegible] Two Hundred and Twenty [illegible] Two Hundred and Twenty-one [illegible] Two Hundred and Twenty-two [illegible] Two Hundred and Twenty-three [illegible] Two Hundred and Twenty-four [illegible] Two Hundred and Twenty-five [illegible] Two Hundred and Twenty-six [illegible] Two Hundred and Twenty-seven [illegible] Two Hundred and Twenty-eight [illegible] Two Hundred and Twenty-nine [illegible] Two Hundred and Thirty [illegible] Two Hundred and Thirty-one [illegible] Two Hundred and Thirty-two [illegible] Two Hundred and Thirty-three [illegible] Two Hundred and Thirty-four [illegible] Two Hundred and Thirty-five [illegible] Two Hundred and Thirty-six [illegible] Two Hundred and Thirty-seven [illegible] Two Hundred and Thirty-eight [illegible] Two Hundred and Thirty-nine [illegible] Two Hundred and Forty [illegible] Two Hundred and Forty-one [illegible] Two Hundred and Forty-two [illegible] Two Hundred and Forty-three [illegible] Two Hundred and Forty-four [illegible] Two Hundred and Forty-five [illegible] Two Hundred and Forty-six [illegible] Two Hundred and Forty-seven [illegible] Two Hundred and Forty-eight [illegible] Two Hundred and Forty-nine [illegible] Two Hundred and Fifty [illegible] Two Hundred and Fifty-one [illegible] Two Hundred and Fifty-two [illegible] Two Hundred and Fifty-three [illegible] Two Hundred and Fifty-four [illegible] Two Hundred and Fifty-five [illegible] Two Hundred and Fifty-six [illegible] Two Hundred and Fifty-seven [illegible] Two Hundred and Fifty-eight [illegible] Two Hundred and Fifty-nine [illegible] Two Hundred and Sixty [illegible] Two Hundred and Sixty-one [illegible] Two Hundred and Sixty-two [illegible] Two Hundred and Sixty-three [illegible] Two Hundred and Sixty-four [illegible] Two Hundred and Sixty-five [illegible] Two Hundred and Sixty-six [illegible] Two Hundred and Sixty-seven [illegible] Two Hundred and Sixty-eight [illegible] Two Hundred and Sixty-nine [illegible] Two Hundred and Seventy [illegible] Two Hundred and Seventy-one [illegible] Two Hundred and Seventy-two [illegible] Two Hundred and Seventy-three [illegible] Two Hundred and Seventy-four [illegible] Two Hundred and Seventy-five [illegible] Two Hundred and Seventy-six [illegible] Two Hundred and Seventy-seven [illegible] Two Hundred and Seventy-eight [illegible] Two Hundred and Seventy-nine [illegible] Two Hundred and Eighty [illegible] Two Hundred and Eighty-one [illegible] Two Hundred and Eighty-two [illegible] Two Hundred and Eighty-three [illegible] Two Hundred and Eighty-four [illegible] Two Hundred and Eighty-five [illegible] Two Hundred and Eighty-six [illegible] Two Hundred and Eighty-seven [illegible] Two Hundred and Eighty-eight [illegible] Two Hundred and Eighty-nine [illegible] Two Hundred and Ninety [illegible] Two Hundred and Ninety-one [illegible] Two Hundred and Ninety-two [illegible] Two Hundred and Ninety-three [illegible] Two Hundred and Ninety-four [illegible] Two Hundred and Ninety-five [illegible] Two Hundred and Ninety-six [illegible] Two Hundred and Ninety-seven [illegible] Two Hundred and Ninety-eight [illegible] Two Hundred and Ninety-nine [illegible] Three Hundred [illegible] Three Hundred and One [illegible] Three Hundred and Two [illegible] Three Hundred and Three [illegible] Three Hundred and Four [illegible] Three Hundred and Five [illegible] Three Hundred and Six [illegible] Three Hundred and Seven [illegible] Three Hundred and Eight [illegible] Three Hundred and Nine [illegible] Three Hundred and Ten [illegible] Three Hundred and Eleven [illegible] Three Hundred and Twelve [illegible] Three Hundred and Thirteen [illegible] Three Hundred and Fourteen [illegible] Three Hundred and Fifteen [illegible] Three Hundred and Sixteen [illegible] Three Hundred and Seventeen [illegible] Three Hundred and Eighteen [illegible] Three Hundred and Nineteen [illegible] Three Hundred and Twenty [illegible] Three Hundred and Twenty-one [illegible] Three Hundred and Twenty-two [illegible] Three Hundred and Twenty-three [illegible] Three Hundred and Twenty-four [illegible] Three Hundred and Twenty-five [illegible] Three Hundred and Twenty-six [illegible] Three Hundred and Twenty-seven [illegible] Three Hundred and Twenty-eight [illegible] Three Hundred and Twenty-nine [illegible] Three Hundred and Thirty [illegible] Three Hundred and Thirty-one [illegible] Three Hundred and Thirty-two [illegible] Three Hundred and Thirty-three [illegible] Three Hundred and Thirty-four [illegible] Three Hundred and Thirty-five [illegible] Three Hundred and Thirty-six [illegible] Three Hundred and Thirty-seven [illegible] Three Hundred and Thirty-eight [illegible] Three Hundred and Thirty-nine [illegible] Three Hundred and Forty [illegible] Three Hundred and Forty-one [illegible] Three Hundred and Forty-two [illegible] Three Hundred and Forty-three [illegible] Three Hundred and Forty-four [illegible] Three Hundred and Forty-five [illegible] Three Hundred and Forty-six [illegible] Three Hundred and Forty-seven [illegible] Three Hundred and Forty-eight [illegible] Three Hundred and Forty-nine [illegible] Three Hundred and Fifty [illegible] Three Hundred and Fifty-one [illegible] Three Hundred and Fifty-two [illegible] Three Hundred and Fifty-three [illegible] Three Hundred and Fifty-four [illegible] Three Hundred and Fifty-five [illegible] Three Hundred and Fifty-six [illegible] Three Hundred and Fifty-seven [illegible] Three Hundred and Fifty-eight [illegible] Three Hundred and Fifty-nine [illegible] Three Hundred and Sixty [illegible] Three Hundred and Sixty-one [illegible] Three Hundred and Sixty-two [illegible] Three Hundred and Sixty-three [illegible] Three Hundred and Sixty-four [illegible] Three Hundred and Sixty-five [illegible] Three Hundred and Sixty-six [illegible] Three Hundred and Sixty-seven [illegible] Three Hundred and Sixty-eight [illegible] Three Hundred and Sixty-nine [illegible] Three Hundred and Seventy [illegible] Three Hundred and Seventy-one [illegible] Three Hundred and Seventy-two [illegible] Three Hundred and Seventy-three [illegible] Three Hundred and Seventy-four [illegible] Three Hundred and Seventy-five [illegible] Three Hundred and Seventy-six [illegible] Three Hundred and Seventy-seven [illegible] Three Hundred and Seventy-eight [illegible] Three Hundred and Seventy-nine [illegible] Three Hundred and Eighty [illegible] Three Hundred and Eighty-one [illegible] Three Hundred and Eighty-two [illegible] Three Hundred and Eighty-three [illegible] Three Hundred and Eighty-four [illegible] Three Hundred and Eighty-five [illegible] Three Hundred and Eighty-six [illegible] Three Hundred and Eighty-seven [illegible] Three Hundred and Eighty-eight [illegible] Three Hundred and Eighty-nine [illegible] Three Hundred and Ninety [illegible] Three Hundred and Ninety-one [illegible] Three Hundred and Ninety-two [illegible] Three Hundred and Ninety-three [illegible] Three Hundred and Ninety-four [illegible] Three Hundred and Ninety-five [illegible] Three Hundred and Ninety-six [illegible] Three Hundred and Ninety-seven [illegible] Three Hundred and Ninety-eight [illegible] Three Hundred and Ninety-nine [illegible] Four Hundred [illegible] Four Hundred and One [illegible] Four Hundred and Two [illegible] Four Hundred and Three [illegible] Four Hundred and Four [illegible] Four Hundred and Five [illegible] Four Hundred and Six [illegible] Four Hundred and Seven [illegible] Four Hundred and Eight [illegible] Four Hundred and Nine [illegible] Four Hundred and Ten [illegible] Four Hundred and Eleven [illegible] Four Hundred and Twelve [illegible] Four Hundred and Thirteen [illegible] Four Hundred and Fourteen [illegible] Four Hundred and Fifteen [illegible] Four Hundred and Sixteen [illegible] Four Hundred and Seventeen [illegible] Four Hundred and Eighteen [illegible] Four Hundred and Nineteen [illegible] Four Hundred and Twenty [illegible] Four Hundred and Twenty-one [illegible] Four Hundred and Twenty-two [illegible] Four Hundred and Twenty-three [illegible] Four Hundred and Twenty-four [illegible] Four Hundred and Twenty-five [illegible] Four Hundred and Twenty-six [illegible] Four Hundred and Twenty-seven [illegible] Four Hundred and Twenty-eight [illegible] Four Hundred and Twenty-nine [illegible] Four Hundred and Thirty [illegible] Four Hundred and Thirty-one [illegible] Four Hundred and Thirty-two [illegible] Four Hundred and Thirty-three [illegible] Four Hundred and Thirty-four [illegible] Four Hundred and Thirty-five [illegible] Four Hundred and Thirty-six [illegible] Four Hundred and Thirty-seven [illegible] Four Hundred and Thirty-eight [illegible] Four Hundred and Thirty-nine [illegible] Four Hundred and Forty [illegible] Four Hundred and Forty-one [illegible] Four Hundred and Forty-two [illegible] Four Hundred and Forty-three [illegible] Four Hundred and Forty-four [illegible] Four Hundred and Forty-five [illegible] Four Hundred and Forty-six [illegible] Four Hundred and Forty-seven [illegible] Four Hundred and Forty-eight [illegible] Four Hundred and Forty-nine [illegible] Four Hundred and Fifty [illegible] Four Hundred and Fifty-one [illegible] Four Hundred and Fifty-two [illegible] Four Hundred and Fifty-three [illegible] Four Hundred and Fifty-four [illegible] Four Hundred and Fifty-five [illegible] Four Hundred and Fifty-six [illegible] Four Hundred and Fifty-seven [illegible] Four Hundred and Fifty-eight [illegible] Four Hundred and Fifty-nine [illegible] Four Hundred and Sixty [illegible] Four Hundred and Sixty-one [illegible] Four Hundred and Sixty-two [illegible] Four Hundred and Sixty-three [illegible] Four Hundred and Sixty-four [illegible] Four Hundred and Sixty-five [illegible] Four Hundred and Sixty-six [illegible] Four Hundred and Sixty-seven [illegible] Four Hundred and Sixty-eight [illegible] Four Hundred and Sixty-nine [illegible] Four Hundred and Seventy [illegible] Four Hundred and Seventy-one [illegible] Four Hundred and Seventy-two [illegible] Four Hundred and Seventy-three [illegible] Four Hundred and Seventy-four [illegible] Four Hundred and Seventy-five [illegible] Four Hundred and Seventy-six [illegible] Four Hundred and Seventy-seven [illegible] Four Hundred and Seventy-eight [illegible] Four Hundred and Seventy-nine [illegible] Four Hundred and Eighty [illegible] Four Hundred and Eighty-one [illegible] Four Hundred and Eighty-two [illegible] Four Hundred and Eighty-three [illegible] Four Hundred and Eighty-four [illegible] Four Hundred and Eighty-five [illegible] Four Hundred and Eighty-six [illegible] Four Hundred and Eighty-seven [illegible] Four Hundred and Eighty-eight [illegible] Four Hundred and Eighty-nine [illegible] Four Hundred and Ninety [illegible] Four Hundred and Ninety-one [illegible] Four Hundred and Ninety-two [illegible] Four Hundred and Ninety-three [illegible] Four Hundred and Ninety-four [illegible] Four Hundred and Ninety-five [illegible] Four Hundred and Ninety-six [illegible] Four Hundred and Ninety-seven [illegible] Four Hundred and Ninety-eight [illegible] Four Hundred and Ninety-nine [illegible] Five Hundred [illegible] Five Hundred and One [illegible] Five Hundred and Two [illegible] Five Hundred and Three [illegible] Five Hundred and Four [illegible] Five Hundred and Five [illegible] Five Hundred and Six [illegible] Five Hundred and Seven [illegible] Five Hundred and Eight [illegible] Five Hundred and Nine [illegible] Five Hundred and Ten [illegible] Five Hundred and Eleven [illegible] Five Hundred and Twelve [illegible] Five Hundred and Thirteen [illegible] Five Hundred and Fourteen [illegible] Five Hundred and Fifteen [illegible] Five Hundred and Sixteen [illegible] Five Hundred and Seventeen [illegible] Five Hundred and Eighteen [illegible] Five Hundred and Nineteen [illegible] Five Hundred and Twenty [illegible] Five Hundred and Twenty-one [illegible] Five Hundred and Twenty-two [illegible] Five Hundred and Twenty-three [illegible] Five Hundred and Twenty-four [illegible] Five Hundred and Twenty-five [illegible] Five Hundred and Twenty-six [illegible] Five Hundred and Twenty-seven [illegible] Five Hundred and Twenty-eight [illegible] Five Hundred and Twenty-nine [illegible] Five Hundred and Thirty [illegible] Five Hundred and Thirty-one [illegible] Five Hundred and Thirty-two [illegible] Five Hundred and Thirty-three [illegible] Five Hundred and Thirty-four [illegible] Five Hundred and Thirty-five [illegible] Five Hundred and Thirty-six [illegible] Five Hundred and Thirty-seven [illegible] Five Hundred and Thirty-eight [illegible] Five Hundred and Thirty-nine [illegible] Five Hundred and Forty [illegible] Five Hundred and Forty-one [illegible] Five Hundred and Forty-two [illegible] Five Hundred and Forty-three [illegible] Five Hundred and Forty-four [illegible] Five Hundred and Forty-five [illegible] Five Hundred and Forty-six [illegible] Five Hundred and Forty-seven [illegible] Five Hundred and Forty-eight [illegible] Five Hundred and Forty-nine [illegible] Five Hundred and Fifty [illegible] Five Hundred and Fifty-one [illegible] Five Hundred and Fifty-two [illegible] Five Hundred and Fifty-three [illegible] Five Hundred and Fifty-four [illegible] Five Hundred and Fifty-five [illegible] Five Hundred and Fifty-six [illegible] Five Hundred and Fifty-seven [illegible] Five Hundred and Fifty-eight [illegible] Five Hundred and Fifty-nine [illegible] Five Hundred and Sixty [illegible] Five Hundred and Sixty-one [illegible] Five Hundred and Sixty-two [illegible] Five Hundred and Sixty-three [illegible] Five Hundred and Sixty-four [illegible] Five Hundred and Sixty-five [illegible] Five Hundred and Sixty-six [illegible] Five Hundred and Sixty-seven [illegible] Five Hundred and Sixty-eight [illegible] Five Hundred and Sixty-nine [illegible] Five Hundred and Seventy [illegible] Five Hundred and Seventy-one [illegible] Five Hundred and Seventy-two [illegible] Five Hundred and Seventy-three [illegible] Five Hundred and Seventy-four [illegible] Five Hundred and Seventy-five [illegible] Five Hundred and Seventy-six [illegible] Five Hundred and Seventy-seven [illegible] Five Hundred and Seventy-eight [illegible] Five Hundred and Seventy-nine [illegible] Five Hundred and Eighty [illegible] Five Hundred and Eighty-one [illegible] Five Hundred and Eighty-two [illegible] Five Hundred and Eighty-three [illegible] Five Hundred and Eighty-four [illegible] Five Hundred and Eighty-five [illegible] Five Hundred and Eighty-six [illegible] Five Hundred and Eighty-seven [illegible] Five Hundred and Eighty-eight [illegible] Five Hundred and Eighty-nine [illegible] Five Hundred and Ninety [illegible] Five Hundred and Ninety-one [illegible] Five Hundred and Ninety-two [illegible] Five Hundred and Ninety-three [illegible] Five Hundred and Ninety-four [illegible] Five Hundred and Ninety-five [illegible] Five Hundred and Ninety-six [illegible] Five Hundred and Ninety-seven [illegible] Five Hundred and Ninety-eight [illegible] Five Hundred and Ninety-nine [illegible] Six Hundred [illegible] Six Hundred and One [illegible] Six Hundred and Two [illegible] Six Hundred and Three [illegible] Six Hundred and Four [illegible] Six Hundred and Five [illegible] Six Hundred and Six [illegible] Six Hundred and Seven [illegible] Six Hundred and Eight [illegible] Six Hundred and Nine [illegible] Six Hundred and Ten [illegible] Six Hundred and Eleven [illegible] Six Hundred and Twelve [illegible] Six Hundred and Thirteen [illegible] Six Hundred and Fourteen [illegible] Six Hundred and Fifteen [illegible] Six Hundred and Sixteen [illegible] Six Hundred and Seventeen [illegible] Six Hundred and Eighteen [illegible] Six Hundred and Nineteen [illegible] Six Hundred and Twenty [illegible] Six Hundred and Twenty-one [illegible] Six Hundred and Twenty-two [illegible] Six Hundred and Twenty-three [illegible] Six Hundred and Twenty-four [illegible] Six Hundred and Twenty-five [illegible] Six Hundred and Twenty-six [illegible] Six Hundred and Twenty-seven [illegible] Six Hundred and Twenty-eight [illegible] Six Hundred and Twenty-nine [illegible] Six Hundred and Thirty [illegible] Six Hundred and Thirty-one [illegible] Six Hundred and Thirty-two [illegible] Six Hundred and Thirty-three [illegible] Six Hundred and Thirty-four [illegible] Six Hundred and Thirty-five [illegible] Six Hundred and Thirty-six [illegible] Six Hundred and Thirty-seven [illegible] Six Hundred and Thirty-eight [illegible] Six Hundred and Thirty-nine [illegible] Six Hundred and Forty [illegible] Six Hundred and Forty-one [illegible] Six Hundred and Forty-two [illegible] Six Hundred and Forty-three [illegible] Six Hundred and Forty-four [illegible] Six Hundred and Forty-five [illegible] Six Hundred and Forty-six [illegible] Six Hundred and Forty-seven [illegible] Six Hundred and Forty-eight [illegible] Six Hundred and Forty-nine [illegible] Six Hundred and Fifty [illegible] Six Hundred and Fifty-one [illegible] Six Hundred and Fifty-two [illegible] Six Hundred and Fifty-three [illegible] Six Hundred and Fifty-four [illegible] Six Hundred and Fifty-five [illegible] Six Hundred and Fifty-six [illegible] Six Hundred and Fifty-seven [illegible] Six Hundred and Fifty-eight [illegible] Six Hundred and Fifty-nine [illegible] Six Hundred and Sixty [illegible] Six Hundred and Sixty-one [illegible] Six Hundred and Sixty-two [illegible] Six Hundred and Sixty-three [illegible] Six Hundred and Sixty-four [illegible] Six Hundred and Sixty-five [illegible] Six Hundred and Sixty-six [illegible] Six Hundred and Sixty-seven [illegible] Six Hundred and Sixty-eight [illegible] Six Hundred and Sixty-nine [illegible] Six Hundred and Seventy [illegible] Six Hundred and Seventy-one [illegible] Six Hundred and Seventy-two [illegible] Six Hundred and Seventy-three [illegible] Six Hundred and Seventy-four [illegible] Six Hundred and Seventy-five [illegible] Six Hundred and Seventy-six [illegible] Six Hundred and Seventy-seven [illegible] Six Hundred and Seventy-eight [illegible] Six Hundred and Seventy-nine [illegible] Six Hundred and Eighty [illegible] Six Hundred and Eighty-one [illegible] Six Hundred and Eighty-two [illegible] Six Hundred and Eighty-three [illegible] Six Hundred and Eighty-four [illegible] Six Hundred and Eighty-five [illegible] Six Hundred and Eighty-six [illegible] Six Hundred and Eighty-seven [illegible] Six Hundred and Eighty-eight [illegible] Six Hundred and Eighty-nine [illegible] Six Hundred and Ninety [illegible] Six Hundred and Ninety-one [illegible] Six Hundred and Ninety-two [illegible] Six Hundred and Ninety-three [illegible] Six Hundred and Ninety-four [illegible] Six Hundred and Ninety-five [illegible] Six Hundred and Ninety-six [illegible] Six Hundred and Ninety-seven [illegible] Six Hundred and Ninety-eight [illegible] Six Hundred and Ninety-nine [illegible] Seven Hundred [illegible] Seven Hundred and One [illegible] Seven Hundred and Two [illegible] Seven Hundred and Three [illegible] Seven Hundred and Four [illegible] Seven Hundred and Five [illegible] Seven Hundred and Six [illegible] Seven Hundred and Seven [illegible] Seven Hundred and Eight [illegible] Seven Hundred and Nine [illegible] Seven Hundred and Ten [illegible] Seven Hundred and Eleven [illegible] Seven Hundred and Twelve [illegible] Seven Hundred and Thirteen [illegible] Seven Hundred and Fourteen [illegible] Seven Hundred and Fifteen [illegible] Seven Hundred and Sixteen [illegible] Seven Hundred and Seventeen [illegible] Seven Hundred and Eighteen [illegible] Seven Hundred and Nineteen [illegible] Seven Hundred and Twenty [illegible] Seven Hundred and Twenty-one [illegible] Seven Hundred and Twenty-two [illegible] Seven Hundred and Twenty-three [illegible] Seven Hundred and Twenty-four [illegible] Seven Hundred and Twenty-five [illegible] Seven Hundred and Twenty-six [illegible] Seven Hundred and Twenty-seven [illegible] Seven Hundred and Twenty-eight [illegible] Seven Hundred and Twenty-nine [illegible] Seven Hundred and Thirty [illegible] Seven Hundred and Thirty-one [illegible] Seven Hundred and Thirty-two [illegible] Seven Hundred and Thirty-three [illegible] Seven Hundred and Thirty-four [illegible] Seven Hundred and Thirty-five [illegible] Seven Hundred and Thirty-six [illegible] Seven Hundred and Thirty-seven [illegible] Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight [illegible] Seven Hundred and Thirty-nine [illegible] Seven Hundred and Forty [illegible] Seven Hundred and Forty-one [illegible] Seven Hundred and Forty-two [illegible] Seven Hundred and Forty-three [illegible] Seven Hundred and Forty-four [illegible] Seven Hundred and Forty-five [illegible] Seven Hundred and Forty-six [illegible] Seven Hundred and Forty-seven [illegible] Seven Hundred and Forty-eight [illegible] Seven Hundred and Forty-nine [illegible] Seven Hundred and Fifty [illegible] Seven Hundred and Fifty-one [illegible] Seven Hundred and Fifty-two [illegible] Seven Hundred and Fifty-three [illegible] Seven Hundred and Fifty-four [illegible] Seven Hundred and Fifty-five [illegible] Seven Hundred and Fifty-six [illegible] Seven Hundred and Fifty-seven [illegible] Seven Hundred and Fifty-eight [illegible] Seven Hundred and Fifty-nine [illegible] Seven Hundred and Sixty [illegible] Seven Hundred and Sixty-one [illegible] Seven Hundred and Sixty-two [illegible] Seven Hundred and Sixty-three [illegible] Seven Hundred and Sixty-four [illegible] Seven Hundred and Sixty-five [illegible] Seven Hundred and Sixty-six [illegible] Seven Hundred and Sixty-seven [illegible] Seven Hundred and Sixty-eight [illegible] Seven Hundred and Sixty-nine [illegible] Seven Hundred and Seventy [illegible] Seven Hundred and Seventy-one [illegible] Seven Hundred and Seventy-two [illegible] Seven Hundred and Seventy-three [illegible] Seven Hundred and Seventy-four [illegible] Seven Hundred and Seventy-five [illegible] Seven Hundred and Seventy-six [illegible] Seven Hundred and Seventy-seven [illegible] Seven Hundred and Seventy-eight [illegible] Seven Hundred and Seventy-nine [illegible] Seven Hundred and Eighty [illegible] Seven Hundred and Eighty-one [illegible] Seven Hundred and Eighty-two [illegible] Seven Hundred and Eighty-three [illegible] Seven Hundred and Eighty-four [illegible] Seven Hundred and Eighty-five [illegible] Seven Hundred and Eighty-six [illegible] Seven Hundred and Eighty-seven [illegible] Seven Hundred and Eighty-eight [illegible] Seven Hundred and Eighty-nine [illegible] Seven Hundred and Ninety [illegible] Seven Hundred and Ninety-one [illegible] Seven Hundred and Ninety-two [illegible] Seven Hundred and Ninety-three [illegible] Seven Hundred and Ninety-four [illegible] Seven Hundred and Ninety-five [illegible] Seven Hundred and Ninety-six [illegible] Seven Hundred and Ninety-seven [illegible] Seven Hundred and Ninety-eight [illegible] Seven Hundred and Ninety-nine [illegible] Eight Hundred [illegible] Eight Hundred and One [illegible] Eight Hundred and Two [illegible] Eight Hundred and Three [illegible] Eight Hundred and Four [illegible] Eight Hundred and Five [illegible] Eight Hundred and Six [illegible] Eight Hundred and Seven [illegible] Eight Hundred and Eight [illegible] Eight Hundred and Nine [illegible] Eight Hundred and Ten [illegible] Eight Hundred and Eleven [illegible] Eight Hundred and Twelve [illegible] Eight Hundred and Thirteen [illegible] Eight Hundred and Fourteen [illegible] Eight Hundred and Fifteen [illegible] Eight Hundred and Sixteen [illegible] Eight Hundred and Seventeen [illegible] Eight Hundred and Eighteen [illegible] Eight Hundred and Nineteen [illegible] Eight Hundred and Twenty [illegible] Eight Hundred and Twenty-one [illegible] Eight Hundred and Twenty-two [illegible] Eight Hundred and Twenty-three [illegible] Eight Hundred and Twenty-four [illegible] Eight Hundred and Twenty-five [illegible] Eight Hundred and Twenty-six [illegible] Eight Hundred and Twenty-seven [illegible] Eight Hundred and Twenty-eight [illegible] Eight Hundred and Twenty-nine [illegible] Eight Hundred and Thirty [illegible] Eight Hundred and Thirty-one [illegible] Eight Hundred and Thirty-two [illegible] Eight Hundred and Thirty-three [illegible] Eight Hundred and Thirty-four [illegible] Eight Hundred and Thirty-five [illegible] Eight Hundred and Thirty-six [illegible] Eight Hundred and Thirty-seven [illegible] Eight Hundred and Thirty-eight [illegible] Eight Hundred and Thirty-nine [illegible] Eight Hundred and Forty [illegible] Eight Hundred and Forty-one [illegible] Eight Hundred and Forty-two [illegible] Eight Hundred and Forty-three [illegible] Eight Hundred and Forty-four [illegible] Eight Hundred and Forty-five [illegible] Eight Hundred and Forty-six [illegible] Eight Hundred and Forty-seven [illegible] Eight Hundred and Forty-eight [illegible] Eight Hundred and Forty-nine [illegible] Eight Hundred and Fifty [illegible] Eight Hundred and Fifty-one [illegible] Eight Hundred and Fifty-two [illegible] Eight Hundred and Fifty-three [illegible] Eight Hundred and Fifty-four [illegible] Eight Hundred and Fifty-five [illegible] Eight Hundred and Fifty-six [illegible] Eight Hundred and Fifty-seven [illegible] Eight Hundred and Fifty-eight [illegible] Eight Hundred and Fifty-nine [illegible] Eight Hundred and Sixty [illegible] Eight Hundred and Sixty-one [illegible] Eight Hundred and Sixty-two [illegible] Eight Hundred and Sixty-three [illegible] Eight Hundred and Sixty-four [illegible] Eight Hundred and Sixty-five [illegible] Eight Hundred and Sixty-six [illegible] Eight Hundred and Sixty-seven [illegible] Eight Hundred and Sixty-eight [illegible] Eight Hundred and Sixty-nine [illegible] Eight Hundred and Seventy [illegible] Eight Hundred and Seventy-one [illegible] Eight Hundred and Seventy-two [illegible] Eight Hundred and Seventy-three [illegible] Eight Hundred and Seventy-four [illegible] Eight Hundred and Seventy-five [illegible] Eight Hundred and Seventy-six [illegible] Eight Hundred and Seventy-seven [illegible] Eight Hundred and Seventy-eight [illegible] Eight Hundred and Seventy-nine [illegible] Eight Hundred and Eighty [illegible] Eight Hundred and Eighty-one [illegible] Eight Hundred and Eighty-two [illegible] Eight Hundred and Eighty-three [illegible] Eight Hundred and Eighty-four [illegible

PRIZE PUZZLE

This is one of the Presidents of the U. S. who would never permit any soap to be used on his face but

Williams' Shaving Soap

How many bright boys and girls can tell who it is?

To any one sending the correct name, with a 2-cent stamp to cover cost of mailing, we will forward, postpaid, a most useful and ingenious pocket novelty in the shape of key-ring, letter-opener, paper-cutter and screw-driver combined, an article that every man and boy will find many uses for every day.

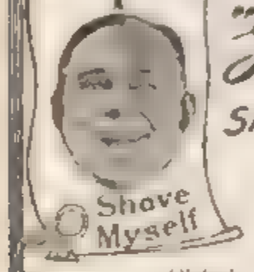
What one boy writes:

"I wouldn't take 50 cents for it if I couldn't get another."

Address Dept. C

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

A Declaration of Independence



"Griffon" SAFETY RAZOR $2

KEEN, CLEAN

The only one instantly adjustable for close or ordinary shaves. Guaranteed. Write for catalogue. All dealers or sent on receipt of price.

Griffon Cutlery Co., 443-444 Broadway, New York

Have You Any Spare Time?

Any young man or young woman with profitable [illegible] want agents in every town to secure subscrip-

The Saturday Evening Post

The Ladies' Home Journal

The pay is first-rate. Every bit of work done is paid for. [illegible] an interested reader, a postal to THE CURTIS CIRCULATION BUREAU, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

To Owners of Gasoline Engines, Automobiles, Launches, Etc.

The Auto-Sparker

does away entirely with all starting [illegible]

MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.
18 Main Street Pendleton, Ind.

Increase Your Income

[illegible]

Columbian School of Poultry Culture
Box 204, Watervliet, N. Y.

PENMANSHIP — business and [illegible] that really help, personally or by mail. Situations secured for all [illegible]

C. C. GAINES, Box 907 Poughkeepsie N. Y.
[illegible] Broadway, New York City

GUYOT SUSPENDERS are the easiest and most comfortable suspender made. Have indestructible buttonholes. If your dealer doesn't keep them send 50 cents for sample pair.

OSTHEIMER BROS., 621 Broadway New York City

300 FOREIGN STAMPS 10c [illegible] $1.00 1000 $4.00 40 10c

L. CROWELL STAMP CO.,
314 Carter B. Ig Cleveland, O.

"WAKE UP BUG"

10 CENTS

C. G. McCOBB 304 Empire Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

The Betts Family Record System [illegible]

W. J. BETTS CO., Dept. A Madison Wis.

Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

THE PHILANTHROPIC SHARK — He gives his life and whole internal economy to the support of invalid humanity.

THOUGH sharks are generally supposed to be the most useless of fishes, several species of them have a high commercial value, the most important product derived from them being "cod-liver oil." The Greenland shark, for which a very considerable fishery is maintained along the coast of Norway, furnishes great quantities of this medicinal oil, derived from its liver: and another notable source of cod-liver oil is the basking shark, the largest fish that swims. A full-grown basking shark is forty feet long and its liver yields twenty barrels of oil. A stupid and sluggish creature, it is taken customarily with the harpoon, and the pursuit of it is prosecuted with such energy that it is actually threatened with extermination.

There is a kind of "dogfish" (small shark) in far northern waters that lays eggs, which are eaten by poor people. The Chinese, as everybody knows, are extremely fond of a sort of soup made from shark fins, which, in a dried state, are imported into the Celestial Kingdom in enormous quantities, nearly one million pounds of them coming from Bombay annually. Any shark fin is good, but the back fin is best, and the kind most prized is obtained from a species called the "soup-fin shark," which runs in great schools and is captured with baited hooks.

Sharks have a skin that is very tough and of a peculiar quality, suitable for leather. It is used in considerable quantities at the present time for making card-cases and pocket-books, being sometimes treated so as to imitate alligator hide. In Turkey beautiful sea-green watch-cases are made from the skin of the so-called angel shark, which is also utilized for polishing wood and ivory.

The Japanese make an imitation of tortoise shell from shark bones, and in India shark oil is used for illuminating purposes. In the archipelagoes of Polynesia, clubs and arrows are pointed or otherwise armed with sharks' teeth, and among the Eskimos of Greenland the huge jaws of the sleeper-shark are converted into ornaments for the head.

AN INK WELL OF GOLD — A fortune awaits the ink maker who can satisfy Government requirements.

RECENTLY it was discovered that Government records written no longer than twenty-five years ago are, in many instances, rapidly fading, while documents inscribed in the days of Washington and Franklin are as legible as ever.

The matter came to the attention of the Secretary of the Treasury who, as a practical man, realized that the fading of important official entries was a very serious matter. He laid the subject before the President, with the result that a Cabinet meeting was called at which the one topic considered was ink.

The evidence was astonishing to the President and his advisers. Records of Colonial and pre-Colonial times were faultless, but those bearing dates even subsequent to the Civil War had grown dim, and in some cases the writing had almost vanished.

Whereupon the opinion of eminent chemists was sought. They explained that the men of Revolutionary days used an ink composed of nutgall, tannin and iron compounds in such proportion that, although pale at the time of writing, it grew blacker and bolder with age. But as a result of modern demands for an ink that should be black, or at least lustrous, as soon as inscribed, the enduring quality of many kinds of writing-fluid had been greatly sacrificed.

The President and his advisers were informed, however, that chemical ingenuity had been active in assisting manufacturers to supply the market with an endless variety of inks. The old idea that nutgalls alone could yield the necessary tannin had been shown to be fallacious, inasmuch as tannin is extracted also from unripe fruit of the sloe (*Prunus spinosa*), the fruit of the common bird-cherry (*Prunus padus*), from elderberries, and in fact from any fruit having an astringent taste or pronounced coloring matter.

"But if the Government orders the kind of ink our forefathers used," the President wanted to know, "can't we get it?"

"It is not to be found on the market in this age," the chemists explained. "The demand

Russell Sage's advice,

"Young Man, Buy New York Real Estate,"

will soon rank with Horace Greeley's aphorism — "Young man, go West."

"If you are going to do a good thing, do it in the best way," is another maxim of which you will appreciate the force if you visit

Wm. H. Reynolds' Borough Park

[illegible] elsewhere

This is still another scene in Borough Park, which helps to give intending purchasers some idea of what we really have, and we ask investors to compare this picture of realities with the promises of some other widely advertised pl[illegible] Undoubtedly the other tracts will have just as good — perhaps better — one of these days, but as I have said before, a b[illegible] in the hand is worth a whole flock in the bush. This picture shows on the right the T[illegible] May last, sembl[illegible] in Block 21 W[illegible] two and a half years.

Borough Park is not an out-lying section composed of bare ground and promises, but a tract on which over seven hundred houses have been built by New York and Brooklyn business men during the past four years.

We do not show you a few graded streets, a score of lamp posts and a few sign boards. We have

723 houses, 100 more buildings;
19 miles of cement sidewalks;
4000 trees growing;
230 lamp posts (letter boxes);
3 miles of hedges;
2 school houses to accommodate 2200 pupils;
7 churches;
Club House for residents, costing $35,000;
Sewers building, the trunk line costing over $1,000,000 complete;
New York fire and police protection.

Direct "L" Railway communication from the center of the property to Park Row, Manhattan, in twenty-six minutes; no change of cars and a five-cent fare.

[illegible] See New York Herald of December 21st, 1902, and other [illegible] New York and Brooklyn [illegible] Long Island Railroad [illegible] Pennsylvania Railroad [illegible] Long Island City would [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

for it long since ceased entirely and its manufacture was abandoned."

The President then wished to know if the secret of its chemical blend was among the lost arts. He and his Cabinet members were assured that the ingredients of fadeless ink of Washington's time were known and that the manufacture could be revived if there were a demand for it.

Thereupon the President gave the word, and manufacturers were invited to make and submit to the Secretary of the Treasury samples of ink as nearly as possible akin to that used a hundred years ago. This is being done, but as a concession to modern preferences it is found necessary to color it somewhat with a dye that imparts some body and blackness to the ink at the time of writing. Care, however, must be taken to exclude all chemicals that would tend seriously to impair the enduring qualities of the ink. In this connection scientists call attention to the fact that the green pulp surrounding the fruit of the walnut tree *(Juglans regia)* contains a coloring matter which, mixed with ferrous sulphate and alum, yields an ink both durable and black.

The United States Government being determined to secure the best ink possible for its purposes, a very lively competition has sprung up among the chemists. The person who gets the federal contract wins a fortune, and as the opportunity is open to every one, the contest is a matter of widespread interest.

All samples of ink submitted are tested carefully by official chemists in the Government laboratories. By the order of the President and his advisers the ink, so far as possible, must possess the qualities that gave endurance to the documents executed during the first years of the Republic.

In this connection the Government chemists say that the ink of that early period must not be judged by the faded Declaration of Independence, for that great writing has almost succumbed, not to time, but to the hapless experiments of a man who used acids on it in making fac-similes of the document. In contrast, and showing the surviving character of the ink of those days, are innumerable ledgers and papers of Colonial times in the Government archives, the bold, clear writing on which gives promise of surviving for centuries.

STANDARD OIL AGAIN — Aladdin's Lamp was nothing to the wonders of the bottomless petroleum-barrel.

OIL of sandalwood, which is one of the most valuable substances known to the perfumer, affording an exceedingly delicate and delicious scent, has at last been made by synthesis.

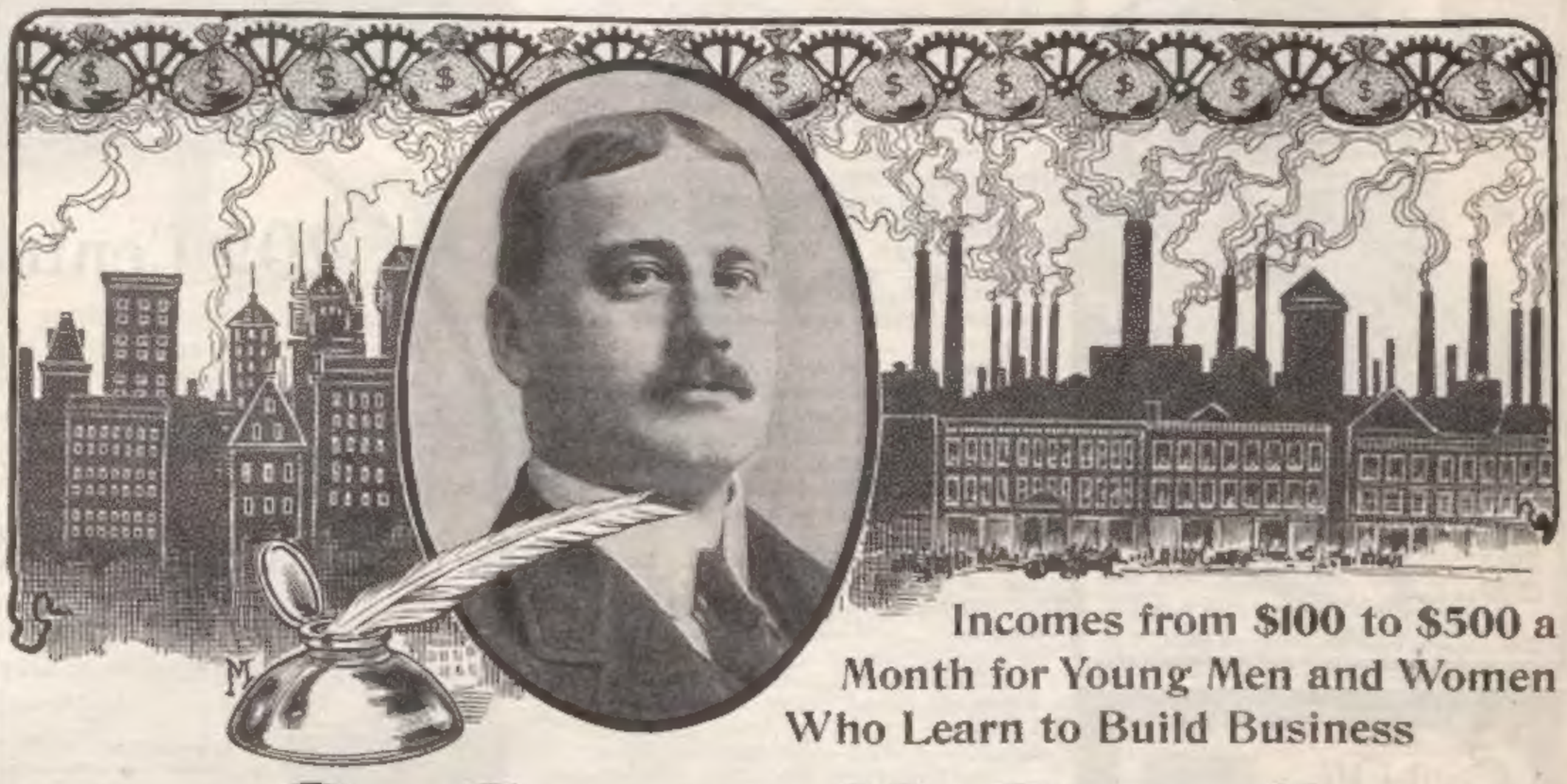
It was purely an accident. Dr. David T. Day, of the United States Geological Survey, was making some small chemical experiments, the other day, on the mantel-shelf of his office in Washington. He had some crude petroleum from a Texas well and was putting it through various processes, more for amusement than anything else, when he noticed that the liquor resulting from a certain "reaction" had a powerful odor. It was too strong to be agreeable to the nostrils; but he moistened a bit of paper with the fluid and, waving it in front of his nose, perceived immediately that the smell was that of sandalwood oil. He had obtained, quite by chance, an artificial oil of sandalwood — impure, it is true, but easily susceptible of purification by refining.

The discovery is believed to be of great value commercially, but Doctor Day has too much scientific business on hand to bother with exploiting a synthetic perfume and makes the world welcome to his lucky "find." Inasmuch as the oil can be got from petroleum in endless quantities at a very cheap rate, it is likely to drive the ordinary sandalwood oil, which is obtained by distillation from the wood, out of the market.

It takes one hundred pounds of sandalwood to yield thirty ounces of the precious oil or attar. The correct name of the tree is santalwood, and it used to grow plentifully in China, but the natives have burned it to such an extent for centuries past for incense, to be used in their worship of Buddha, that it has become almost extinct in that part of the world. At the present time it is extensively cultivated for the Chinese market in the Santalwood Islands.

The destructive white ant of India and China, which devours nearly everything save metals, will not touch sandalwood, and that is one reason why so much of it is made up into caskets, boxes and similar articles that come from Asia. Most people are familiar with the agreeable perfume of boxes made of this material.

How Advertising Writing and Originality Are Successfully Taught by Correspondence



Incomes from $100 to $500 a Month for Young Men and Women Who Learn to Build Business

By George H. Powell

There are hundreds of bright young men and women ambitious to earn larger salaries, and more hundreds of alert business men who would like to study advertising to increase their trade, but who are deterred because of the belief that ad. writing cannot be thoroughly taught by mail.

In this limited space I shall merely attempt to give an outline of one branch of my System, and I think many POST readers will see things in a new light.

There Are No "Born" Ad. Writers

Some well-meaning, but misguided, man once said: "A genuine, simon-pure, capable ad. writer is born. No amount of effort will instil into the brain of the incompetent the method of the natural advertiser."

Now, all the competent ad. writers of today were once incompetent — myself included. We are all of artificial creation. Some of us went the long way around and gained our skill by unnecessary years of servitude, while the rest have been able to avail themselves of competent instruction through the superior correspondence plan, which was impossible a decade ago.

No one can possibly be a "born" ad. writer because such an endowment necessitates a knowledge of cause and effect as applied to commercialism and advertising.

Genius and talent are the gifts of the Creator, but unfortunately they do not count as heavily as aptitude, faculty and alertness, which are really the cultivated power of doing things. As discipline makes the expert in professional or business walks, so also does it create the expert advertiser.

Let me diverge for a moment. Long before I gained distinction as a business and advertising expert, I was classed among the world's best checker masters. At seventeen a severe drubbing at the hands of a boy in knickerbockers led to my studying the game scientifically through books and personal analysis. Three years later I could defeat any man in the State. Four years later I was successfully playing anything from county and state champions to the American and World's champions.

In 1883 I refereed the world's championship match.

That I didn't finally equal the latter champions was largely due to LACK OF EXPERIENCE. I quit the game for good because there was no money in it, yet I acknowledge that the training I did receive — mental discipline — has been worth thousands of dollars to me as an advertiser, since it gave me the power to analyze and calculate to close points. Me a "born" checker player? NEVER! Simply an ARTIFICIAL one.

Huxley said: "Patience and tenacity of purpose are worth more than twice their weight of cleverness." And truer words were never spoken. Young men and women possessing these qualities and a common school education have a splendid future in the field of ad. writing, and I am constantly training them to start in positions at more than double their original salaries.

The Superior Correspondence Plan

The Powell System embraces four distinct features — 1st, the mailing of Exhibit Sheets illustrating from one large to five or six smaller ads. per lesson; 2nd, a complete, simple, yet wonderfully clear Analysis Sheet, which points out the good and bad points in each exhibit, followed by instructions; 3d, the actual preparation of new ads. by the student, who forwards them to me for examination and revision; 4th, my criticism and return of said work to student.

I can only give a brief extract herewith of a part of one lesson, but the principle will readily be noted.

Exhibit No. 14 (Greatly Reduced)

Extract from Analysis Sheet

TYPOGRAPHICAL — Plain enough, but faulty because "Purity" is displayed four times, including once on the box. "None so good" appears twice, which indicates that the writer was hard up for something to say. ILLUSTRATIVE — Candy box is fair but could be improved, and the horseshoe as drawn is useless, as it bears no connection with confectionery. PROPOSITION — None. A good policy for retailers is to advertise slightly cut prices for certain days, and at no other time. Loft, a famous New York candy man, has new cut rates daily, and his several stores are always crowded. Today the cut is on chocolates — tomorrow on almond cream, etc. FROM INSTRUCTIONS — "Lay out" a horseshoe; shape same size as shown, but suggest what material it should be composed of. Suggest location for the box of candy. Fill in the reading matter, which is mostly display lines. Were this a baking powder ad. a fine effect could be obtained by forming biscuits into a horseshoe (without attempting to bring out the calks), and displaying on the inside "Good luck with Biscuit demands Purity Baking Powder." Nothing more would be needed, save firm imprint in small type at bottom.

Right here it is well to note that in all ads., save for certain retail stores, the firm imprint, consisting of name and address, should be in small type display. People buy goods, not the firm, and the thing to advertise boldly is the article. In big retail ads. the large engraved firm name at top identifies the whole ad. and is better than a small imprint.

Naturally, no two produce the same ads., yet all may possess merit. The key to real success, however, depends on my personal criticism. Were it otherwise, simple book instruction would be ample — which isn't. No foolish or unnecessary questions are catalogued for reply. All purely technical matters are very properly explained in my text books, and the main work — actual, practical ad. writing — comprises the real CORRESPONDENCE instruction, and that is one reason why Powell Students are today the acknowledged leaders.

Exhibit No. 76

In closing, I submit Exhibit No. 76, one of my many kindergarten models for developing the student's originality. To my trained pupils this little ad. almost instantly suggests many distinctly new ideas — to the average reader it suggests nothing. Those who are interested in ad. writing and write for my beautiful new Prospectus — the most interesting of the kind ever published — are invited to give me a suggestion for a new idea based on Exhibit No. 76. Of course, a mere rough outline in pencil or bare description is sufficient. I will personally give, when mailing the Prospectus, my opinion. Lowell said: "Human nature has a much greater genius for sameness than for originality." Yes, but I will demonstrate how originality is the offspring of well-directed effort. Address me George H. Powell, 15 Temple Court, New York, N. Y.

Perfect Food Means Perfect Health

Perfect health means bright, sparkling eyes, a clear complexion, a sweet breath, sound white teeth, an active brain and a symmetrical body.

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit

is a perfect food because it is complete in itself for the perfect nourishment of the whole body. (Read that statement again.) SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT IS MADE IN THE MOST HYGIENIC FOOD LABORATORY IN THE WORLD. The wheat is thoroughly cooked and spun out into porous shreds and is, therefore, naturally light and short without the use of yeast, baking powders, fats or chemicals of any kind. It is crisp and compels the teeth to perform their natural exercise. This means perfect digestion, perfect health. Sold by all Grocers.

Send for "The Vital Question" (Cook Book, illustrated in colors) FREE. Address

The Natural Food Co., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Cool Off in Colorado

Burlington Route

If it's hot where you are and you want a change of air, if you are tired and overworked and need a little outing; go to Colorado. It is the one perfect summer spot in America. The glory of the mountain scenery, the quiet restfulness of the place, the fine fishing, hunting, and golf links, the comfortable hotels and boarding houses, all go to make Colorado the ideal country for seekers after health and pleasure.

Send for our "Handbook of Colorado"

A trip to Colorado costs but little. Our handbook tells all about the prices for board and the attractions at different places. Send for a copy TO-DAY. No charge. At the same time I will mail you a circular telling about the very cheap tickets we are selling to Colorado. Round trip from Chicago, $25 and $30; from St. Louis, $22 and $25, according to the date. It takes but one night on the road from either Chicago or St. Louis to Denver.

Address P. S. EUSTIS, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Ry. Co., 209 Adams Street, Chicago. 47

$5.00

The Coffman Typewriter

Simple and accurate in construction. Durable but light and portable. Made of cold rolled steel—full nickel. In short, A PRACTICAL TYPEWRITER sent on receipt of $5.00, guaranteed for a year. Write for detailed description.

We want agents everywhere—Write for our proposition to agents.

Coffman Mfg. Co. 522 Spruce St., St. Louis

A Valuable Book — FREE

The 32-page book of The Toledo Cooker Co. tells all there is to know about steam cookers, round or square, single or double doors.

IDEAL STEAM COOKERS

Prices from $1.75 to $11.25, are the best possible to produce. Cook a complete meal over One Burner of any stove. Whistle Blows 20 minutes before water is needed. Need no attention; do not heat or steam the kitchen; no odor of cooking can escape. Holds 12 to 18 quart jars for canning fruit. Write for Free Book right now.

THE TOLEDO COOKER CO. Agents Wanted.
2340 ALBION STREET, TOLEDO, OHIO

Come Here! When in search of health and rest for mind and body. Your physician will agree. Booklet free.

STEUBEN SANITARIUM, Hornellsville, N. Y.

The President's Daughter

(Continued from Page 11)

her. Mrs. Whitney continued to jest, but Gertrude responded mechanically. Glover was eating his supper when the two rose from their table and Mrs. Whitney led the way toward him.

"So, this is the invalid," she said, halting abruptly before him.

"Mrs. Whitney!" exclaimed Glover, trying hastily to rise.

"Will you please be seated?" commanded Mrs. Whitney. "I insist——"

He sat down. "We want only to remind you," she went on, "that we hate to be completely ignored by the engineering department, even when *not* officially in its charge."

"But, Mrs. Whitney, I can't sit if you are to stand," he answered, greeting Gertrude and her aunt together.

"You are an invalid; be seated. Nothing but toast?" objected Mrs. Whitney, drawing out a chair and sitting down.

"Do you expect to mend broken ribs on toast?"

"I'm well-mended, thank you. Do I look like an invalid?"

"We heard you were seriously hurt." He laughed. "And want to suggest Glen Tarn as a health resort."

"The doctor has discharged me. In fact, a loose rib doesn't entitle a man to a lay-off. I hope your sister continues to improve?" he added, looking at Gertrude.

"She does, thank you. Mrs. Whitney and I have been talking of the day we met you at the irrigation"—he did not help her to a word—"works," she continued, feeling the slight confusion of the pause. "You"—he looked at her so calmly that it was still confusing—"you were hurt before we met you and we must have seemed unconcerned under the circumstances. We speak often at Glen Tarn of the delightful weeks we spent in your mountain wilds last summer," she added.

Mrs. Whitney talked and Glover talked, but Gertrude reserved her real bolt until just before their train started. She waited till the car was moving before she loosed her shaft. Mrs. Whitney had ascended the steps, the porter was impatient and Glover was nervous. Gertrude turned with a smile and a totally unlooked-for cordiality on the unfortunate man. "My sister"—her glove was on the handrail—"sends some sort of a message to Mr. Glover every time I come to Medicine Bend—but the gist of them all is that she would be very"—the train was moving, they were stepping along with it—"glad indeed to see you at Glen Tarn before——"

"Gertrude," screamed Mrs. Whitney, "will you get on?"

Glover's eyes were glowing like target-lights. "—before we go East," continued Gertrude. "So should I," she added, throwing in the last three words most inexplicably as she kept step with the mountain engineer. But she had not miscalculated the effect.

"Are you to go soon?" he exclaimed. The porter followed them helplessly with his stool. Mrs. Whitney wrung her hands and Gertrude attempted to reach the lower tread of the car step.

Some one very decidedly helped her, and she smiled and rose from his hands as lightly as a bird. When she turned after the pleasure of the spring, Mrs. Whitney was scolding her for her carelessness; but she was holding out a glove from the vestibule toward a big hat still lifted in the dusk of the platform.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Humming-Birds

By Betty Sage

I think it is a funny thing
That some birds whistle, others sing:
The Warbler warbles in his throat,
The Sparrow only knows one note,
But he is better off than some,
For Humming-birds can only hum.

Saves a Day

"20th Century Limited

An urgent situation requiring your immediate presence in New York or Chicago can best be met by use of the "20th Century Limited." A little superior to any train in America, and particularly ahead in point of speed. Pre-eminently a train for busy people, but may be used with equal advantage by any one wishing perfection of fast service with comfort. Runs daily, in each direction, between

Chicago and New York in 20 Hours

Over the LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN and NEW YORK CENTRAL ROADS

Provides every convenience found in leading hotels.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE—For 50 cents (money or postage) undersigned will send a fine colored picture of this great train, set in a charming landscape, pronounced by persons who have examined it as the finest train view ever issued; suitable for framing.

For "Book of Trains" or travel information address

A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. A.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

20 Hour Trains

For Busy People

BE WISE. Don't keep on experimenting with false claims of speculators. The cereal food question as perfected by the originators is of interest both to yourself and friends. The information furnished, as the result of twenty-six years of successful scientific investigation, will be sent you for postal card request.

THE FRANKLIN MILLS COMPANY
LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Smith's Adjustable Index Tags

"Save 20 per cent. of a book-keeper's time."

Instantly applied or moved to meet changing conditions. 600 kinds of printed tags, including Alphabets, Months, etc., kept in stock. Tags to write on. Used by U. S. P. O. and War Depts.

Cat. & Price List Free. Sample Tag 5 Cents.

Department F CHAS. C. SMITH, EXETER, NEBRASKA

University Training
FOR BUSINESS

Accounting
Banking
Brokerage

School of Commerce
Accounts and Finance.
New York University
Evening Sessions.
Washington Square.

FALL TERM OPENS OCTOBER 1

BEFORE DECIDING

what school, write to us. We furnish reliable information and catalogs of all Schools and Colleges free. We represent several hundred Colleges, Girls' Boarding Schools, Military Academies, Schools of Medicine, Pharmacy, Law, Business, Music, Art, etc.

Special rates in any school if you enter through us.

AMERICAN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE AGENCY,
1237 FISHER BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.

The UNIVERSITY PREPARATORY SCHOOL

BOYS ONLY—Boarding and Day Departments—ITHACA, N. Y.
Prepares for Cornell and All High-Class Colleges
CERTIFICATES ACCEPTED SINCE 1895.
Junior House opens September, 1903. Summer Term opens July 16, for eight weeks. (Circulars.) Fall Term opens September 24th. Send for illustrated Catalogue to
CHARLES A. STILES, 110 Avenue E, ITHACA, N.Y.

STUDY LAW At Home

Our way of teaching law by mail has prepared our students for practice in every State, for success in business and public life. The original school, established 13 years. Write for catalogue.

SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
250 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Government Positions

More than 13,000 appointments made last year. Splendid chances in Post-office service. Examinations soon. Hundreds whom we have prepared by mail for their examinations have been appointed. Full particulars *free* concerning positions, salaries, examinations—when and where held, our methods, etc. Write to-day.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE, 19-70 Second National Bank Bldg., WASHINGTON, D. C.

If You Have Talent for DRAWING

cut this out, mail it with your name and address, and get a free Sample Lesson with terms and twenty portraits of well-known newspaper artists and illustrators.

New York School of Caricature
Studio 33-34-35 World Bldg., N.Y.

Kenyon Military Academy
GAMBIER, OHIO

An unexcelled school with unsurpassed environment. Ideal location, 60 acres of grounds, golf links, and complete gymnasium. Prepares for all colleges and technical schools. Flexible two years' business course. 30th year. Address

C. N. WYANT, Regent, Gambier, Ohio

TELEGRAPHY

quickly taught. Situations secured for graduates. Established 31 years. Send for catalog.

VALENTINES' SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, Janesville, Wis.

LEARN No other section affords such chance for study, practice and big wages as this. Power from Niagara working all over western New York. Sessions ELECTRICITY either afternoon or evening permit wage earning. Address

Cataract Electrical School, Erie Co. Bank Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

Comfort and service. Guaranteed—"All breaks made good." 50 cents and $1.00. Any shop or by mail.

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 231 O, Shirley, Mass.

William the Conqueror

William E. Reardon

is a second "William the Conqueror." In planning his invasion he was as bold as his Norman namesake. He had been selling ***The Saturday Evening Post*** each week in his own town in Michigan. Recently when about to start for Midland to spend a holiday he received an offer from the publishers promising a cash prize to the Michigan boy who would first sell 350 copies. He had not intended to do any work that week, but now he formed a new plan. Undaunted at the thought of selling to strangers, he coaxed his father to telegraph for 350 copies to be sent to Midland. As he received his copies from the postmaster, a Midland boy, who was also an agent for ***The Post,*** received a bundle containing five copies. The latter's eyes grew big with astonishment—told Master William that he didn't "like his looks" —that he had better go back home again. The little Conqueror declared he would "show him right there;" so he made a pile of the bundles on the floor where people were waiting for the mails, mounted the pile and addressed the crowd. He stated that he represented Benjamin Franklin's old paper—that he had just received the latest number—that it was the best issue ever published. Before leaving he had sold fifty copies of ***The Saturday Evening Post.*** He spent the rest of the day among the business men, finding buyers everywhere. What was left he sold the next day from house to house. When he left for home a few days after, he found the other boy who sold ***The Post*** and advised him to "ginger up." *"I am eight years old,"* our Conqueror writes; *"I never before tried to earn any money; but you can put me down for the first prize whenever you make another prize offer in Michigan."*

WE WILL START ANY BOY IN BUSINESS

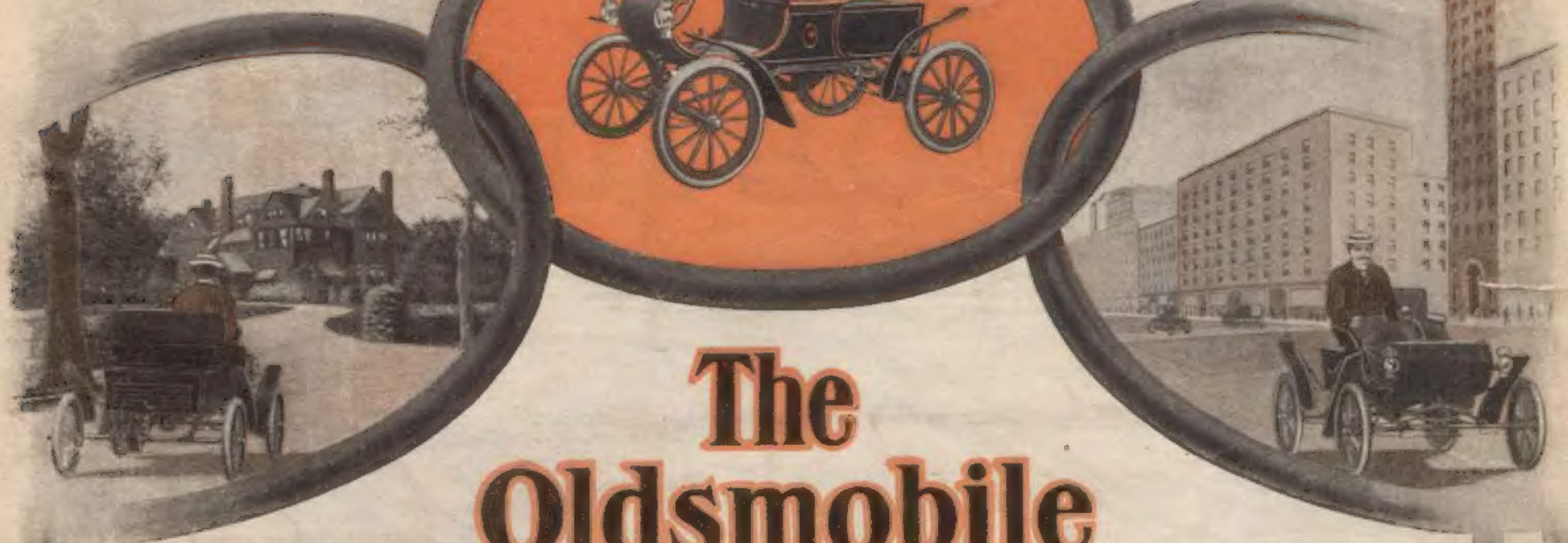
selling The Saturday Evening Post after school hours and on Saturdays. The first week's supply of 10 copies is sent free. Over 6000 boys are selling The Post. Some are making over $15.00 a week. You can do the same. Write to-day.

$300 next month in extra cash prizes to boys who do good work

BOY DEPARTMENT
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
483 Arch St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

"Nothing to Watch but the Road"

"Built to run *AND DOES IT*"



The Oldsmobile

"THE BEST THING ON WHEELS"

The connecting link between the quiet country home and the bustling life of the city. A necessity for the man of affairs—a luxury for the man of leisure.

The Oldsmobile "goes" all the time. Its owner lives where he chooses—independent of railroads, street cars and uncertain methods of transportation.

Simplicity is the key note in the mechanical construction of this world standard runabout. Its adaptability to all road conditions is made possible by a flexible running gear which adjusts itself to the uneven surface and minimizes the discomfort of the roughest road. This flexible gear enables the driver of an Oldsmobile to go with perfect safety over roads which would be impassable for an ordinary carriage.

Price $650.00

We have selling agencies in almost every city of any size in the world. Your local dealer will gladly give you a practical demonstration on the road of how the Oldsmobile "goes."

SELLING AGENTS

Albany, N. Y., Automobile Storage and Trading Co.
Atlanta, Ga., C. H. Johnson.
Binghamton, N. Y., R. W. Whipple.
Boston, Mass., Oldsmobile Co.
Buffalo, N. Y., Jaynes Automobile Co.
Charleston, S. C., Army Cycle Co.
Chicago, Ill., Oldsmobile Co., Gilbens Bros. Co.
Cleveland, Ohio, Oldsmobile Co.
Columbia, S. C., J. E. Richards.
Dallas, Tex., Lipscomb & Garrett.
Davenport, Ia., Mason's Carriage Works.
Denver, Colo., G. E. Hannan.
Detroit, Mich., Oldsmobile Co.
Erie, Pa., Jacob Roth.
Grand Rapids, Mich., Adams & Hart.
Harrisburg, Pa., Kline Cycle Co.
Houston, Texas, Hawkins Automobile and Gas Engine Works.
Indianapolis, Ind., Fisher Automobile Co.
Jacksonville, Fla., F. E. Gilbert.
Kansas City, Mo., E. P. Moriarity & Co.
Lansing, Mich., W. K. Prudden & Co.
Los Angeles, Cal., Oldsmobile Co.
Louisville, Ky., Sutcliffe & Co.
Memphis, Tenn., H. A. White.
Milwaukee, Wis., Oldsmobile Co.
Minneapolis, Minn., A. F. Chase & Co.
Nashville, Tenn., John W. Chester Co.
Newark, N. J., Autovehicle Co.
New Orleans, La., Abbott Cycle Co.
New York City, N. Y., Oldsmobile Co.
Omaha, Neb., Olds Gas Engine Works.
Paterson, N. J., F. W. Stockbridge.
Philadelphia, Pa., Oldsmobile Co.
Plainfield, N. J., F. L. C. Martin Co.
Pittsburg, Pa., Banker Brothers Co.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., John Van Benschoten.
Raleigh, N. C., Raleigh Iron Works.
Rochester, N. Y., Rochester Automobile Co.
San Francisco, Cal., Locomobile Co. of the Pacific.
St. Louis, Mo., Mississippi Valley Automobile Co.
Savannah, Ga., T. A. Bryson.
Texarkana, Ark., J. K. Wadley.
Tucson, Ariz., Seager & Close.
Washington, D. C., National Capital Automobile Co.
Hawaiian Islands, R. H. Halstead, Honolulu.

FOREIGN LIST OF AGENCIES

Great Britain and Ireland, Locomobile Company of Great Britain, Ltd., London, England.
Germany—All Germany except Cologne—Earnest Weigaertner, Berlin.
Cologne—L. Weiser & Co.
France, Eugene Merville, Paris.
Switzerland, Automobile Fabrik Orion, AG. Zurich.
Italy, Victor Croizat, Turin.
Holland, Bingham & Company, Rotterdam.
Norway, Sweden, Denmark, } T. T. Nielsen & Co., Copenhagen, Denmark. L. P. Rose & Co., New York.
Canada, Hystop Brothers, Toronto, Ont.
Mexico, Oldsmobile Company—Mohler & DeGress, Mexico City.
Argentine Republic, Ramon Camano & Co., Buenos Ayres.
South Africa, { White, Ryan & Co., Cape Town. Sherriff Swingley & Co., Johannesburg and New York.
Australia, New South Wales—Knowles Auto. and Power Co., Sydney.
Victoria—Hall & Warden, Melbourne.
Queensland—James Smith & Sons, Brisbane.
So. Australia—Duncan & Fraser, Adelaide.
New Zealand, W. A. Ryan & Co., Ltd., Auckland.
Japan, Bruhl Bros., Yokohama and New York.
Asia Minor, India, Ceylon, China, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Formosa, } New York Export and Import Co., New York City.

Write for illustrated book to Dept. G.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, Detroit, Mich. FACTORIES Detroit and Lansing